The Outlook

MAY 9, 1917

Offices, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

AT THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON

Seldom has there been in this country a more impressive ceremony than that which took place at the tomb of Washington at Mount Vernon on April 29. On this day representatives of France and Great Britain, guests of the American Nation, stood together beside the tomb of Washington and voiced their faith in the belief that the three democracies of France, the United States, and Great Britain had united in a fight worthy of the genius and the courage and the spirit of George Washington. The tribute of René Viviani, French Minister of Justice, was worthy of that spirit of eloquence which seems to be the birthright of the French. Here are the opening words of his brief address:

> We could not remain longer in Washington without accomplishing this pious pilgrimage. In this spot lies all that is mortal of a great hero. Close by this spot is the modest abode where Washington rested after the tremendous labor of achieving for a Nation its emancipation. In this spot meet the admiration of the whole world and the veneration of the American people. In this spot rise before us the glorious memories left by the soldiers of France led by Rochambeau and Lafayette. A descendant of the latter, my friend M. de Chambrun, accompanies us. And I esteem it a supreme honor as well as a satisfaction for my conscience to be entitled to render this homage to our ancestors in the presence of my colleague and friend Mr. Balfour, who so nobly represents his great nation. By thus coming to lay here the respectful tribute of every English mind he shows, in this historic moment of communion which France has willed, what nations that live for liberty can do.

Joffre, Marshal of France, laid on the marble sarcophagus with his own hands a bronze palm bound with the French tricolor.

On behalf of the English mission Mr. Balfour laid a wreath of lilies beside the French palm, inscribed in his own handwriting with the following words:

> Dedicated by the British Mission to the immortal memory of George Washington, soldier, statesman, patriot, who would have rejoiced to see the country of which he was by birth a citizen and the country his genius called into existence fighting side by side to save mankind from a military despotism.

There remains for America the duty of matching the hopes of her friends with the accomplishments of her people.

THE MESSAGE OF JOSEPH JACQUES CÉSAIRE JOFFRE

Less moving, perhaps, than the ceremony at the tomb of Washington, but more pregnant with suggestions for immediate action, was the message which Marshal Joffre read to the Washington correspondents just before he and other members of the French War Mission started for Mount Vernon. The interview with the correspondents took place in the home of Henry White, where the French Mission is lodged. The correspondents were ushered into a large reception-room in the center of which was a broad council table. After the correspondents had assembled Marshal Joffre entered the room and read to them a formal statement in French. Then a military aide read an English translation.

There seems to be considerable doubt as to what this original statement by Marshal Joffre contained. The general impression seems to be that it was a plea for the immediate despatch of troops to the soil of France. According to the New York "Times," the State Department expurgated this formal statement before it was permitted to be published. The State Department, however, later announced that Marshal Joffre's remarks were censored by the French Mission itself. The Marshal's statement as issued by the State Department, however, contains the following passage:

> France, which has long recognized the valor of the American soldier, cherishes the confident hope that the flag of the United States will soon be unfurled on our fighting line. This is what Germany dreads.
>
> France and America will see with pride and joy the day when their sons are once more fighting shoulder to shoulder in the defense of liberty. The victories which they will certainly win will hasten the end of the war and will tighten the links of affection and esteem which have ever united France and the United States.

Whether or not more specific recommendations were made by Marshal Joffre it is not possible to say.

Following the reading of his formal statement Marshal Joffre submitted to questioning by the correspondents. The most definite recommendation contained in his answers to these questions was his advice to transport the American army that is to be raised for service in France, unit by unit, rather than to wait until it could be sent across as a great expedition. Reading between the lines, it is easy to judge that Marshal Joffre considers it of the utmost importance that the American flag be seen in France at the head of the troops sent from our shores, and that he also considers it advisable that a great part of the training of such troops shall take place behind the battle-line in France.

The popularity of Marshal Joffre was shown on May 1, when, together with M. Viviani, he visited the United States Senate. Not since 1822, when Lafayette visited the Senate, has it witnessed such a demonstration.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S CHICAGO SPEECH

On the day when Marshal Joffre gave his interview to the Washington correspondents Mr. Roosevelt made in Chicago two stirring pleas to the Nation to "farm and arm." It was plain from Mr. Roosevelt's address, however, that so far as he was himself concerned he was much more interested in arming than farming. He said in part:

> We Americans are at war. Now let us fight. Let us make it a real war, not a dollar war. Let us show that we have the manhood to pay with our own bodies, and not merely to hire other men to pay with their bodies. Let us fight at once. Let us put the flag at the front now, at the earliest moment, and not merely announce that we are going to fight a year or two hence.

Mr. Roosevelt emphatically indorsed, as he has done before, the President's plan for conscription, which has now been adopted by Congress, but he also pleaded for the utilization of all the volunteers who desire to render service to the colors:

> I wish to see the system of obligatory service used in order to make all men serve who ought to serve. But do not hinder men who, under conscription, would be entitled to stay at home from volunteering to go to the front if they can render good service. Under the bill proposed to Congress by the War Department many millions of excellent fighting men would be exempt from service, while a long time would elapse before the others are sent to the front. Under these conditions we ought to use the volunteer system to fill the gap.

Is it too much to hope that the country will come to see the wisdom and necessity of accepting the principle behind Mr. Roosevelt's proposal?

CONGRESS AND THE WAR

The duty of Congress in the war is twofold—to provide for our National defense and to provide for our allies' needs.

As to National defense, Congress has now passed the Draft Bill, the first step in our practical preparation for mili-

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tary operations. The bill was not passed without a debate which, in the House of Representatives at least, proved illuminating as to the ignorance that prevails among many supposedly intelligent Congressmen and their unreadiness to put the country immediately in proper condition. Nevertheless, when the actual test of the strength of the volunteer system came—that is to say, when the motion to make the bill provide for volunteers instead of for the selective draft was put—those who still championed the volunteer system were beaten by a vote of 313 to 109, and the House finally passed the Draft Bill by the impressive vote of 397 to 24. A few minutes later it went through the Senate by a vote of 81 to 8. Singularly enough, the chief Administration spokesman in the House in behalf of an efficient army to fight the Germans was the Hon. Julius Kahn, of California, born in Germany and a Republican.

The principal provisions of the bill are:

1. To raise the regular army to its maximum war strength of 287,000 from its present strength of about 145,000.
2. To increase the strength of the National Guard to a war footing of about 625,000 from its present strength of about 130,000.
3. To draft immediately 500,000 men between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-seven, as provided by the Senate, or twenty-one and forty, as provided by the House.
4. To draft an additional quota of 500,000 men and begin their training whenever, in his judgment, the President deems it necessary.
5. To prescribe regulations for the registration, calling out, and training of both these draft armies.
6. To exempt legislative, executive, and judicial officers of the United States and of all the States, and as well members of religious sects with convictions against war.
7. To empower the President to exempt or to draft for partial service postal and custom-house clerks, arsenal, armory, and navy-yard workmen, and also workmen in certain industries, together with pilots and mariners, persons who have dependent families, and all persons physically or morally deficient.
8. To double the pay of enlisted men during the war.

The Senate amendments included the two following important provisions:

To authorize the raising of not exceeding four volunteer infantry divisions for service abroad (the so-called Roosevelt volunteer amendment, adopted by a vote of 56 to 31). A good amendment.

To prohibit the sale of liquor at army posts and training camps and to army men anywhere while in uniform.

Senator McCumber's proposal to eliminate from the bill the exemption of persons who are deterred by religious belief from taking up arms was rejected, and Senator Gronna's amendment making it unlawful to use food products for making liquor was tabled.

CHANGING VIEWS IN CONGRESS

Thus the principal points of difference in the Draft Bill between the House and Senate include the difference in the age subject to draft, the so-called Roosevelt volunteer amendment, and the prohibition section.

Of these differences, that concerning age has excited much comment in army circles. The bill as drawn by experienced military critics, under the eye of the War Department, provided for a selective draft of all able-bodied men, not otherwise exempt, between the ages of nineteen and twenty-five years. This does not mean that a lad of nineteen would be sent to the seat of war. He would presumably have a long training before taking part in a battle. For intensive training, of course, the age limits as indicated by the War Department are superior to those provided by Congress. But when the bill was introduced into Congress it was seen that, in order to pass it, a concession would have to be made in the age limit, and hence the minimum age was increased by two years, the final limit being put at twenty-seven by the Senate. In the House, where the difficulty of passing the Draft Bill was much greater, the final limit had also to be increased much further, thus inevitably increasing the number of exemptions and adding greatly to the immense amount of clerical labor required to put the law in operation, facts doubtless quite patent to the politicians who insisted on this amendment.

Public and Congressional opinion in favor of the so-called Roosevelt volunteer amendment has been increased by the appeals of the French Commissioners in general, and of Marshal Joffre in particular.

The passage of the Draft Bill registers a notable change in the temper of Congress. Last autumn no one familiar with Congressional opinion would have prophesied that a bill for the creation of an enormous army by a draft, without preliminary experimentation through a call for volunteers, could pass both houses. But since the breaking of diplomatic relations with Germany and the declaration of war, the temper of Congress has changed materially. It also changed patently during the progress of debate. It is still changing, and this is due probably more than to any other cause to Marshal Joffre's thrilling appeal.

CONGRESS AND OUR ALLIES

Congress has voted money and men for our own National defense. What is Congress doing for our allies?

For them it must provide, not only money and men, but also munitions, food, and ships.

Congress has provided money for our allies—$3,000,000,000. We shall doubtless send men; and Congress has now made it legal for our allies to recruit their citizens in the United States. We continue to send munitions. But our allies' special needs just now are two—bread and boats.

The question is, therefore, how to increase our food and shipping. We must do this, not only for our own sake, but especially for the sake of our allies. We must furnish food, and we must furnish ships to carry it.

The Federal Shipping Board's praiseworthy energy in mobilizing ship-builders and shipyards has now been followed by Congressional action authorizing the President to take title to the German ships now in its custody. They are over ninety in number, and have a total tonnage of over 600,000; they are of many sizes, up to the huge Vaterland, the largest ship in the world, which exceeds 54,000 tons. These ships are already admirably adapted to the transportation either of soldiers or of foodstuffs to Europe. Many of them are cargo carriers, and the transformation of the passenger ships not needed for the carriage of soldiers abroad into freighters would not be difficult. The immediate necessity is to repair the machinery of these boats, which was crippled, in many cases most seriously, by the crews, following orders received from Germany on January 31. This repair was begun as soon as the Federal authorities seized the ships on April 6, when the President issued his proclamation announcing the recognition of a state of war.

The food problem is a double one, namely, to increase our own supply, getting whatever is needed to our allies, and to prevent any from reaching Germany. The Administration Food Control Bills before Congress provide for an agricultural census, for aid to producers, for the licensing and supervision of food agencies, and for price regulation, if necessary. In addition, the Senate has now passed a bill to increase the supply of fertilization, appropriating $10,000,000 for the Government's purchase of nitrates for this purpose, for their transportation in Government vessels from Chile, and for their sale by Federal authorities at cost to farmers.

As to preventing our food from getting to Germany, an Embargo Bill has been favorably reported (it has now been made part of the Spy Bill, whose sweeping provisions for censorship are causing much adverse comment); it would authorize the President to regulate or prevent entirely, at his discretion, the exportation from the United States of all goods which might bring aid or comfort to the enemy. This measure doubtless interests Germany more than any other legislative proposition before Congress. It may also grimly interest the Scandinavian countries, Holland, and Switzerland, from which, despite all Allied efforts to keep goods from entering Germany, foodstuffs and war supplies have been and, it is believed, are being received.

POSTAL RATES AND NATIONALISM

One of the provisions for raising revenue to meet the cost of war which have been proposed and are before Congress would make considerable increase in the rates of postage.

On all first-class matter (which includes letters) there would

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be added one cent for every ounce or fraction of an ounce. Thus the least postage payable on a letter would be three cents, and on a postal card two cents.

Besides this increase there is also proposed an increase on all second-class matter. This includes newspapers and periodicals mailed at regular intervals and paying postage by the pound. As proposed by the sub-committee in charge of the War Taxation Bill, the country would be divided into zones. In the first zone, within a given radius from the point of publication, the postage would be increased by a hundred per cent, in the second and third zones by two hundred per cent, in the fourth and fifth by three hundred per cent, in the sixth and seventh by four hundred per cent, and in the eighth zone by seven hundred per cent.

Any increase in postage, like an increase in taxation, is a burden. The people of the United States must be prepared to bear extra burdens now. But the Government is morally bound to see that those burdens are distributed as equitably as possible, and that they are not so heavy that they cannot be borne by those upon whom they are laid.

It is notorious that the increase in the price of paper has put a heavy drain upon the financial resources of the publishing business. It would be to the defeat of its own purpose if the Government should exact from that business such a heavy postal rate as to drive periodicals out of business, and thus out of existence as sources of postal revenue altogether.

More important, however, than the question of the weight of the burden is its equitable distribution. The zone system means that the burden would be distributed inequitably. To-day intelligence can be transmitted by letter or periodical across the continent as easily as from one county to its neighboring county. All the people bear together all the burden. Under the zone system those who live at a distance would have to bear more of the burden than those who live near to the source of their information. A subscriber to a periodical who lived in the eighth zone could not get his periodical at the same rate at which a subscriber in the first zone could get it. Readers of periodicals, therefore, would soon tend to confine their subscriptions to publications near at home. Local interest would take the place of National interest.

The zone system applied to the dissemination of information through the mails is a blow at the National spirit. This is not a matter that chiefly concerns the publishers of periodicals. It chiefly concerns the whole people of the Nation.

THE PROBLEM OF WAR PROHIBITION

That the Government is seriously considering the problem of husbanding our food supplies by the prohibition of the manufacture of spirituous liquor during the period of the war is indicated by an announcement from Washington that Dr. Alonzo E. Taylor has been designated by the Department of Agriculture to undertake an exhaustive study of the proposals to limit the use of grains in the manufacture of intoxicants. When Dr. Taylor's recommendations have been made to the Government, the country at large will be in a better position than it is at present to judge of the economic significance and the feasibility of this far-reaching proposal.

In the meantime it is interesting to notice the growing demand for this measure from all classes of the population. One of the most interesting expressions of the attitude of leading business men towards the proposition is contained in a recent statement made by Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip, President of the National City Bank of New York, the largest bank in the country. Mr. Vanderlip says:

> I strongly favor complete National prohibition. I believe we are facing a serious test of our National character and efficiency, and am firmly convinced that a National prohibition measure would be of transcendent importance in its effect upon the National spirit in conserving and increasing our food supply, and in raising the efficiency of the Nation.
>
> The man power released from the liquor industries could be directed into productive channels where the need for labor will be acute, and thus be readily absorbed. The needs of the agricultural and industrial situation will make this a peculiarly opportune time to put through a National prohibition law with minimum shock to our economic machinery during the readjustment. The business interests involved should be fairly dealt with, but many of the plants can be readily converted to important industrial uses. A National prohibition measure would do much to wake up the people to a realization of what war means and demands.

Certainly Mr. Vanderlip cannot be regarded as a visionary agitator or a man unfamiliar with the economic problems involved in the destruction or the suspension of a great industry.

FARMERS AND FOOD REGULATION

The problem of fixing a percentage profit for manufactured articles is simple compared with the problem of determining the cost of farm products. Any arbitrary plan to fix a maximum price per bushel for corn or wheat at the present time is more likely to discourage the production of food than to encourage the conservation and equitable distribution of our food supply. This is not to assert that the Government may not have to come to the fixing of maximum prices for food. It is merely to point out that the discussion of fixing maximum prices is something which can profitably be postponed until after the harvesting of the crops. If there is to be any price-fixing at the present time, let it be in the shape of a guaranteed minimum, for only by such a method can the farmers of the country be assured that if they respond to the country's rightful appeal for an increased acreage and an enlarged production, they will be protected against undue financial loss.

Farmers in the past have not without reason looked with suspicion upon an appeal to grow two blades of grass where one grew before. Large crops produced at the sacrifice of labor and capital have often resulted in smaller returns than poor crops. This has been because of our antiquated methods of distribution, marketing, and storage.

We do not believe that such a result is possible this year, but in guarding the farmer against the suspicion of such a possibility the Government will at the same time guard the Nation and our allies against any willful reduction of our food supply.

In this connection it is interesting to note an offer made by the Northeast Nebraska Live Stock Breeders' Association. In an open letter to Secretary Houston, commenting upon the offer of the packers to permit the Government to fix arbitrarily the price of their product or to turn over to the Government the packing plants of the country, this farmers' association says:

> If Mr. Armour proposes to turn over the packers' plants to the Government and run them for the benefit of the Government for a minimum profit, we will not allow him to be more magnanimous than we. We, too, will turn over our plants. We will turn our farms over to the Government and operate them for the Government on a basis of three per cent on the investment. This is only a bondholder's percentage, and the bondholder does not give his services, as we propose to do, without extra wage or salary. This offer is bona fide, and we are prepared to stand by it. . . .
>
> We desire some security for the future. No stockman to-day knows what to do. The tendency is to cash corn and quit the producing of finished beef. This would be a National calamity, and in some way must be averted. Secure to the feeder and producer of corn-fed beef and pork adequate remuneration for his labor and feed, and the future supply of corn-fed beef and pork is assured.

We agree with the further statement of the Northeast Nebraska Live Stock Breeders' Association that the Government at the present time is probably not prepared to go either into the farming business or the packing business, but the offer which we have here reported is an offer which accentuates the need of protecting our farmers and meat producers against unfair demands on the part of the consuming public.

THE COUNTY AGENT AGAIN

We have already, on more than one occasion, pointed out the need of increasing the activity of the county agricultural agents of the country at this time. In no way can the agricultural effort of the country be better organized and encouraged than through the efforts of those county agents provided for through the co-operation of the Federal Government and the localities where they have been assigned to duty. The duties

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and responsibilities of the county agent are admirably outlined by "Wallace's Farmer:"

> The job of the county agent is not to show the farmer how to farm, but to do what he can to help the farmer farm to better advantage. Under the present conditions, the live county agent will be more of a business helper to the farmer than anything else. He will organize to supply labor where it is needed, to secure seeds which are likely to be needed for late planting, to make arrangements for the prompt building of silos on farms where they are wanted, to fight hog cholera and other animal diseases; in general, make himself useful to the farmer. If there was ever a time when a county agent could be used to great advantage, now is the time; and the farmers and business men of every county should get together at the earliest possible date, organize, and secure a good, live man.

We commend this appeal to all communities which have not yet availed themselves of the services of a progressive county agent.

THE MARINES

The first arm of the service to reach the full quota allowed by law was the Marine Corps. Twenty-two days after war was declared the Marine Corps was enlisted to full war strength, namely, one-fifth the authorized strength of the navy. It is still recruiting men, however, in anticipation of an increase in the navy personnel within the next few days.

The fact is significant, perhaps, of the spirit of the country when we remember that the chief appeal made by Marine Corps recruiting agents has been the statement that the Marines would be the first to get into action. Whether or not this will be the case remains to be seen. Judging, however, from the record of the Marine Corps in the past, if there is to be action anywhere, the Marines will get themselves into it somehow.

During the past few years the Marine Corps has had its full share of what action there has been. In Nicaragua, at Vera Cruz, and in Santo Domingo the Marines have lived up fully to the traditions of their corps for concentrated activity.

The picture in our illustrated section shows a detachment of Marines in action near Guayacanes, in the Dominican Republic, where Sergeant-Major Roswell Winans won a medal of honor for courage in battle. This picture was taken during the recent pacification of that turbulent country.

"NOT CRICKET, YOU KNOW"

In the illustrated section of this week's Outlook are reproduced eight pictures showing the manner in which England is treating her prisoners of war. These photographs were taken at the request of Ambassador Gerard in order that they might be sent to Germany to prove to the Germans that their soldiers were in good hands. When we remember Ambassador Gerard's reports of the conditions in the German prison camps, we are moved to wonder what impression these English photographs made on the German public. Could any German familiar with the life and treatment of the prisoners in the camps at Wittenberg or Gardelegen help from being shamed by these English pictures? Certainly when we remember the horrors and the hardships which have attended the creation of almost all prison camps in past wars we can accord to England the highest possible praise for her treatment of the German prisoners of war under her control. Her record in this respect is one to which the British nation can look as one of the most striking achievements of the great war. Had Germany waged warfare in accord with the ordinary dictates of humanity, England's treatment of her prisoners would still redound to her credit; but, under the circumstances, the record is so remarkable that it calls for the particular acclaim of the American people.

Probably the average Englishman would be more surprised than otherwise at being told that his nation deserved unusual credit for having cared for her prisoners according to humanitarian standards. He would probably content himself with saying that it was "not cricket, you know," to mistreat prisoners, and consider that this phrase covered the whole situation.

The prisoners who appear in the photographs which we have reproduced did so voluntarily. The photographers had explicit instructions that no prisoner was to be photographed without his consent, and that neither compulsion nor persuasion was to be employed to induce any one to form part of a group. These instructions were strictly carried out. Indeed, the prisoners themselves frequently asked that copies of these photographs might be placed on sale in their prison camps.

THE COURAGE AND STEADFASTNESS OF OUR ALLIES

Two recent utterances, one by the Prime Minister of Great Britain, the other by the new Russian Minister of Justice, show that the two nations they spoke for face the future with cheerful confidence. Mr. Lloyd George, for instance, said of the submarine situation: "The Germans think we are done for, but they do not know the race they are dealing with. I am confident that if our present programme is carried out the submarine campaign is beaten." As to the food question, he was equally sure that it could be met: "The best brains of America and Britain are concentrated on this problem. There never was a human problem which was not soluble, and I don't believe this is an exception to the rule."

In both cases Mr. Lloyd George recognized fully the need of concerted, thorough action in his own country and also in co-operation with America. He pointed out that the action was under way, so that, for instance, this year in England 3,000,000 acres will be added to the area before under cultivation, while in Great Britain "three, perhaps four, times" as many new ships would be built this year as last. Finally, as to the military situation he was almost jubilant;

> Now, thank God, our men have a real chance in the fight. The story now is very different from what it was in the early stages of the war. Before June, 1915, we lost 84 guns and a considerable number of prisoners. Since that date we have not lost a single gun, while we have captured 400. Regarding prisoners, we have taken at least ten to one. The tide has now turned.

The declaration of Mr. Kerenski, the Russian Minister of Justice, a Socialist, also has a reassuring and confident tone. He denied flatly that Russia was in danger from a "duality of power," a phrase that had been used to describe a supposed opposition between the Provisional Government and the Committee of Soldiers and Workmen. Everywhere, he asserted, there was agreement in pushing war to victory and in organizing for building up the army and the munitions. It was the old régime, he said, that before the Revolution was weakening the army; for instance, he made the astonishing statement that before the Revolution there were a million cases a year of desertion, the soldiers going home and coming back about as they chose. Already, Mr. Kerenski showed, the discipline had been bettered by voluntary effort of the soldiers and the output of munitions had steadily increased.

Regarding peace, Mr. Kerenski said: "Russia wants peace on the terms proposed by President Wilson. The revolution and the entrance of the United States into the war have somewhat changed the objects for which we are fighting. We want peace restored without annexation or indemnity, and favor a conference with the Allies to determine how this can be attained."

FACING THE SUBMARINE SITUATION

It is quite in keeping with the spirit of resolution and hope indicated above that Great Britain has recognized that it is a mistake to minimize the losses from German submarines. Admiral Beresford and the London "Times" join in arguing, in effect, that in a democratic nation the people must know the facts and face them. As Lord Beresford says: "It is the first rule of warfare in a democracy, and above all in the British democracy, that national effort will correspond only to the nation's understanding of the danger to be overcome." The complaint is not that the Admiralty has given out false figures, but incomplete statements; for instance, for one week the statement was that fifty-five British merchantmen were sunk and that there were 5,205 sailings and arrivals in the same week. The inference is that the loss was one per cent, and only an expert would notice that the losses did not include neutral or Allied ships and that the total of sailings and arrivals not only

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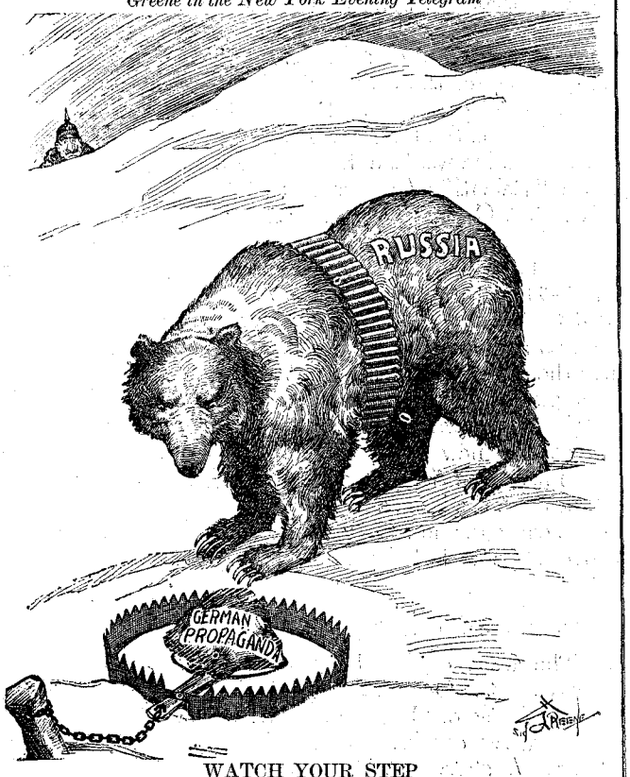
CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Kirby in the New York World

FIRST STEPS IN SELF-GOVERNMENT

Greene in the New York Evening Telegram

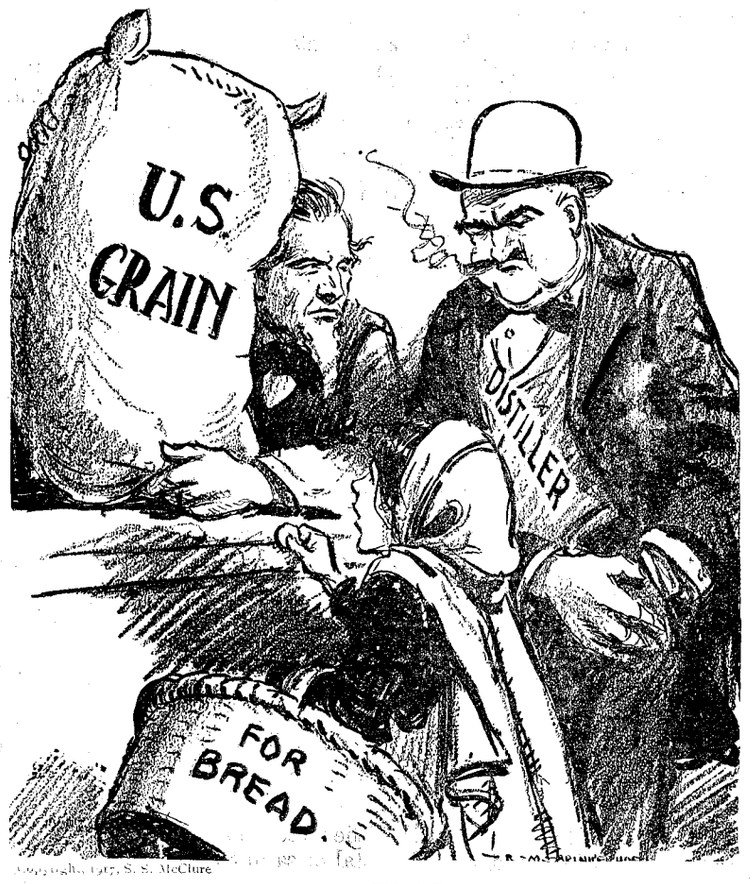


WATCH YOUR STEP

Jefferies in the Passing Show (London)

Maid (giving notice to leave): "You see, mum, I can earn twice as much making munitions."
Mistress: "Now, Ellen, don't be foolish. Just think of the risks; peace may break out at any moment, now!"

Brinkerhoff in the New York Evening Mail



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WHO GETS IT?

Thomas in London Opinion

A. S. C. Sergeant (alleged wit): "Anybody 'ere know anything about droring?"
Voice (with visions of "cushy" job): "I do. I was an artist before I joined up."
Sergeant: "Well, go and 'elp 'em draw some water to wash the lorries down!"

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did include them but included also every local stop and start made by coastwise boats. Then when the Englishman finds this out he gives more credence than he should to Germany's assertion that the total tonnage sunk exceeds one million six hundred thousand. The British reports do not give tonnage, but merely number of ships above and below sixteen hundred tons. Thus for the week ending April 22 it was reported that forty ships of over sixteen hundred tons and fifteen under were sunk. This is the heaviest weekly loss reported since the ruthless submarine warfare began in February last. An editorial in the "Scientific American" asserts that the danger is cumulative, that Germany may be able to turn out even a thousand submarines in a year by the standardized-part method and that they could be manned from the now largely idle naval personnel.

Sir Edward Carson for the Admiralty admitted in Parliament that the situation was increasingly difficult and that the German submarines put afloat were increasing in number faster than the submarine losses; but he was sure that the increase of cargo-carrying ships now promised by America, the rapid shipbuilding with standardized parts under way in Great Britain, and certain new plans for fighting the submarines, together with intensified food production and food control, would together meet the issue satisfactorily.

The courage and steadfastness of our allies should not make us over-hopeful, but simply determined.

ON THE WAR LINES

The week ending May 2 saw a renewal of the French offensive in the Champagne; gains were made north of Rheims, in the vicinity of Craonne and elsewhere. The British action for the week consisted largely in repulsing German counter-attacks. A statement issued by the British headquarters on May 1 declared that the offensive operations in the month of April had yielded 19,343 German prisoners, including 393 officers, 257 large guns, and 697 machine guns and trench mortars.

The choice of General Pétain as the French Chief of Staff meets with general approval. His memorable defense of Verdun, his brilliant attacks in Champagne and elsewhere, and his reputation as a cool-headed fighter and a matchless organizer justify the placing in his hands of power which is limited only by the War Council.

The first loss in the actual war by armed American forces was reported in the destruction of the oil-tanker Vacuum. This ship carried an American naval detachment manning an American gun. The exact details of her destruction by a German submarine have been withheld, but it is known that she was torpedoed near the Hebrides Islands on April 18 as she was returning to the United States. Two boats were sunk in lowering; one boat with eighteen survivors was saved. Captain Harris, the commander of the ship, with other survivors, was picked up later, but reported that Lieutenant Thomas, in charge of the naval force, and three of the gun crew were lost. The circumstances of the attack show that there was no attempt by the Germans to save the lives of the crew. It need not be pointed out that this is one more of the lawless and piratical instances of German warfare. The fact that we are now at war with Germany and that the Vacuum was armed for defense is no excuse whatever, in view of the fact that Germany had announced and has carried on ruthless attacks on merchant ships long before she was at war with the United States. On May 2 came the report of the sinking of another American armed ship, the Rockingham.

The appointment of Elihu Root to head an American commission to visit Russia is without exception acknowledged to be an admirable choice. No American is better fitted by experience and intellect to advise wisely the Russians now earnestly struggling to establish self-government. The remainder of the commission has not been appointed as we write. The membership should include men who will obviously have the confidence of Russian Socialists.

UNREST IN GERMANY

So far as may be judged from the meager despatches of May 2 from Germany, the prediction that May Day would see grave labor trouble in Germany and Austria has not been fulfilled on a large scale. English despatches say that concessions in food allowances have been granted to the German workers, probably as a precautionary measure. It is possible that the announcement from Germany, by way of Holland, that the German Imperial Chancellor was expected soon to broach in some form the question of peace or to state Germany's war aims in the Reichstag may have had a similar motive.

That the labor situation in Germany is serious was shown by the violence of language used by the German Minister of Munitions, General Groener, in his declaration that "there shall be no more strikes," that agitation would not be tolerated, that no one should dare do anything which should be in opposition to the mighty Hindenburg. Moreover, the great strike in Magdeburg, a Prussian fortress and the seat of immense steel works, was an ominous indication of other threatened demonstrations. There are abundant indications in other ways that every nerve is being strained by the Government to steel the people for further military effort and to urge them to endure to the utmost the undoubted suffering, while those who give voice to the growing political discontent are sent to the front whenever possible. Nevertheless, the German Socialist press, and especially Maximilian Harden in his organ "Die Zukunft," have shown astonishing audacity in their criticism of the war and the Imperial responsibility for its conduct.

CHRISTUS

Those who have been in Palestine will recognize a notable accuracy as well as vividness of reproduction in the film now being shown at the Criterion Theater, New York City, in the depiction of the life of Christ. First of all, the scenes laid in the Holy Land and in Egypt give that extraordinary depth of distance characteristic of the stretches of desert in those countries, where the sand seems like the sea and where occasionally the distant horizon is marked by one of those apparently never-ending trains of camels. Second, the more intimate scenes, such as that of the Jordan, where the baptism took place, and the Garden of Gethsemane, are also striking in their accuracy. As to the cities and towns, however, such as Jerusalem and Bethlehem, the makers of the film have had, perforce, to rely on the present appearance of those places.

The depicting of the sacred story is reverent; it includes, however, the fanciful notion of Jesus' possible sojourn in Egypt before his entrance into his ministry. His earlier sojourn there is also made the occasion of a supposed journey as far south as Karnak, where, we learn, the late Lord Kitchener provided several thousand men and camels for the representation of the desert scenes and himself became so interested as to act as director on several occasions.

Some years ago the Italian projectors of the present production spent many months in photographing the places and reproducing the historic occurrences from Bethlehem to Golgotha on the very ground where the greatest drama of human history took place. The projectors had already gained renown by presenting "Quo Vadis," the first very large spectacular film feature. The "Christus" film has been produced in Rome, Paris, and Madrid more than a thousand times. Its production lays the arts of painting and music under tribute. It reproduces certain paintings now classic in the history of art—Fra Angelico's "Annunciation," for instance, Correggio's "Nativity," Raphael's "Transfiguration," Leonardo's "Last Supper," and Rembrandt's "Descent from the Cross." The production is also accompanied by a special musical setting, well rendered in New York City by a large orchestra augmented from the members of the Philharmonic and other metropolitan organizations.

In the usual motion picture play—such, for example, as "The Last Days of Pompeii"—there is likely to be a graphic reproduction of faithful study of types, of costumes, of local color and atmosphere, superb effects of lighting, and a well-considered cast. In addition such a drama as "Christus" affects religious emotion and conviction. This was evident at the close of the performance.

Some of the more fastidious spectators, especially those familiar with the Bible, may have felt resentment at the seeming over-elaboration of the explanatory text. Some may have

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deemed the symbolical values over-played, or thought they detected here and there some slight lack of conviction, or concluded that in general the representation is not one to deepen religious feeling. On the whole, however, the representation should prove of interest and value to the great mass of those who see it. For many who can never travel it should do a little of what the Passion Play at Oberammergau has done every ten years for those fortunate enough to journey thither.

A TARIFF FOR THE PEOPLE

To get the tariff out of politics and out of the grasp of special interests has been the despair of most Americans, but the persistent dream of a few. At last there are signs that this dream may actually come true. The Sixty-fourth Congress called back to life what was once regarded as dead, a non-partisan Tariff Commission, and the Senate has now confirmed the President's nominations to it.

This is not the first attempt to take the tariff out of politics. President Taft succeeded in getting Congress to create a non-partisan Tariff Board. With the advent of the Democratic party in power under President Wilson, the expected happened, and the Tariff Board was discontinued. Mr. Wilson, who had opposed the policy of creating commissions, has as President, however, changed his mind. He pushed through Congress the bill creating the Federal Trade Commission, and just before his re-election gave his approval to the creation of a Tariff Commission; and then, after about six months, appointed its members.

A real gain is thus to be recognized in the fact that both parties have now committed themselves to the principle of non-partisan investigation of tariff problems.

For the chairmanship of this Commission President Wilson has chosen one of the highest American authorities on the tariff—Professor Frank William Taussig, of Harvard. Independent in politics, with, it is generally believed, a strong leaning toward Democratic doctrines, Professor Taussig is one of the leading economists of the world. He is the author not only of books on economics, but specifically of a tariff history of the United States. In respect to knowledge of the subject, Professor Taussig's fitness for this position is obvious and indisputable.

The other members of the Commission are not nearly so well known. The best known of them is William Kent, the donor of a forest of redwoods to the Nation, who, though chosen as a Republican, has been a decidedly strong supporter of the Democratic President; but he is not known for his knowledge of economics or tariff matters. The other members are less widely known. Of the others, Mr. Edward P. Costigan, of Colorado, an unsuccessful Progressive candidate for the Governorship of his State, and Mr. David J. Lewis, of Maryland, formerly a Congressman, have, so far as we know, no more special knowledge of the tariff than Mr. Kent has. The other two members may be called tariff experts. One, Mr. Daniel Calhoun Roper, of South Carolina, as former clerk of the Ways and Means Committee in the House of Representatives, to which all tariff bills are referred, has gained valuable experience in dealing with tariff questions. The other appointee, Mr. William S. Culbertson, of Kansas, is the only one who was connected with the former Tariff Board. He has also been tariff expert for the Senate Finance Committee, and has been special counsel for the Federal Trade Commission. Perhaps this is as good a Commission as the country has a right to expect.

If it is to do what it is charged with doing, its members will have to regard their position as one of great responsibility and as involving arduous labor. In a world where the tariff question is treated with the astuteness of the German Government the United States cannot play at tariff problems and expect to go very far. Heretofore we have allowed the tariff to be treated as a means of providing a general and rather haphazard protection to American industry, supplying a part of the revenues and largely giving special privilege and favors to special interests. Even when it has not been corrupt, the old party tariff system has been thoroughly demoralizing. And the Democrats, although they have preached tariff reform, have not been in principle one whit better than the Republicans. They have log-rolled, and swapped, and played politics with the tariff just as the Republicans have; the only difference is that their districts, sections, industries, rather than those of the Republicans, have profited.

With the entry of the Nation into the war, the old partisan disputes over taxes and tariffs should go by the board together with other partisan contentions; and the temper of the country as well as the spirit of the Administration will, we believe, make it a politically penal offense for members of Congress to impede real tariff reform by any process of log-rolling.

THE NEW SPANISH CABINET

The one European country so far removed geographically from the war that she has felt comparatively little effect from the conflict is Spain. Life in the Spanish cities, and certainly in the interior, has gone on much as usual. Until recently there has been little change in conditions of labor, industry, production, finance, and the other branches tested to the limit by the needs in the countries actually at war.

Now, however, conditions have changed. First, there have been labor troubles, and it has been necessary to suspend constitutional guarantees.

Next, the submarine scare has fulfilled its menace; the sinking of the Fulgencio and other boats by the Germans inflamed the Spanish friends of the Allies.

Thirdly, many Latin-American nations sprung from Spain have become anti-German, and two of them—Cuba and Panama—have entered the war by our side. This third influence was the last straw to break the patient back of Count Alvaro de Romanones, the Spanish Prime Minister, who had already twice resigned during the present year, but whom King Alfonso had persuaded to continue in office. Now, however, the Premier announces his resignation as "irrevocable."

In tendering his resignation to the King, Count Romanones called attention to the fact that "Spain is the custodian of the spiritual patrimony of a great race. She aspires to preside over a moral federation of all the nations of our blood, and she will definitely lose this rôle if, at an hour so decisive for the future as the present one, Spain and the races that have issued from her shall seem divided." Spain, when it was less democratic than it is, was gradually expelled, it is true, from the Western Hemisphere, largely conquered and colonized by her, but sentimentally, linguistically, and economically she still is bound to it. It is not at all unnatural that Count Romanones should speak as he does; indeed, it is to his credit.

The retiring Premier is a friend of the Allies. On April 15 he sent, as Premier, a note to Germany couched in such terms as to make it virtually an ultimatum. But, unfortunately, the Premier could not count upon the fidelity of all his colleagues. As he says in his letter, "the unanimity which was indispensable was not reached by the Cabinet's deliberations on the subject."

Thus even in the Cabinet was to be found some of the German obstruction which has long been carried on in the Court circles, in certain departments of state, and in the army clubs. As to the Court, blood relations with the Hapsburgs certainly brought some sympathy with Austria, and Alfonso's marriage with Queen Victoria's granddaughter and his own pro-Ally position were to a certain extent offset by the large amount of German money which has come into Spain during late years, and especially by the admiration of the army leaders for German military efficiency. Politically, however, the cause of democracy has been growing in Spain, and even the attempt to influence both the Pope and the supposedly powerful Jesuit political party in Spain, seen in the German Government's decision to repeal the law forbidding Germany to the Jesuits, did not attain its object.

The recent statesmen of Spain have been liberals rather than conservatives. Señor Dato, who had conducted a Liberal Ministry with clever hand, resigned in December, 1915, and was succeeded by Count Romanones, who, although a Liberal of another stamp, has also known how to steer the ship of state with wisdom. Yet these Ministers found that their proposals for military preparedness were delayed in the military committees of the Cortés, or Parliament, and even the King, having ordered reviews

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and maneuvers, would not infrequently find some obstacle placed in the way of their being carried out, so powerful was the German influence.

Will that influence continue? Hardly, if Marquis Garcia Prieto, President of the Senate, the new Premier, recognizes the immediate duty before him, the duty of one who, in the words of the retiring Premier, "honorably follows Liberal currents and is willing nobly to support the responsibilities of democratic government."

LEONARD WOOD: SOLDIER AND CITIZEN

IT was a warm September day in the foothills of the Adirondacks. Over a back country road that wound through rocky pastures and wooded slopes a battalion of Plattsburg rookies were fighting a rear-guard action against a troop of pursuing cavalry. The morning had been spent in a series of deployments and withdrawals. And dinner and camp were, like Sheridan at Cedar Creek, still "miles away."

In one of the companies which had fallen out beside the road to permit an officially decimated company to march through to safety there was a rookie whose object in coming to Plattsburg had never been discovered by his fellow-soldiers. He had neither the attitude of mind nor the spirit of a Plattsburg man. Yet it is to be recorded that he paid to General Leonard Wood one of the most convincing tributes that perhaps that soldier has ever received.

"I have been studyin' the General," he said, between intervals of mopping his brow, "ever since I came to this fool place. I have heard him talk and I have heard you fellows talk about him. Now I always have said that no one ever does anything in this life except for what he can get out of it. So I have been lookin' to see what General Wood is goin' to get out of this preparedness game he has been workin' for so hard. And I sure have been puzzled." There was a pause in his soliloquy, and then he added: "He can't get any more pay, he can't get any more rank. By thunder, I have almost come to the conclusion that he is doin' it for his country!"

A few minutes later the company was on the march, and, coming over a little rise in the road, it found Major-General Leonard Wood, the ranking officer of the United States Army, standing beside a little clump of trees, his searching eyes riveted on the little column marching by at attention.

Those Plattsburg rookies on that back country road were the embodiment of a vision for which Leonard Wood has sacrificed more than this country has yet realized, and a tangible symbol of the unforgetable debt which this slow Nation of ours owes to the courageous and great-visioned officer at the head of its army.

The service which Leonard Wood has rendered his country is more than that of the trained soldier who points out that our shores are defenseless and our citizenry without adequate weapons. General Wood did this, and at a time when the officer who advocated any real preparedness did so at the risk of official disapproval. But Leonard Wood's service was not limited to the function of the fearless red-tape-cutting soldier. His has been the service of a statesman who not only has the courage to criticise, but also the vision to construct.

While other men were arguing that an increased regular army or a Federalized Guard or a system of volunteer training would suffice, Leonard Wood went up and down the land preaching the democratic principle of universal obligatory training by a process which he himself had proved out by practical experience in the rolling hills and valleys of northern New York. The prophet of a democratic military system, in these later days he has had the proud satisfaction of watching his country turning in the time of its peril towards the ideal which he has so long and so bravely upheld. All the reward which he has asked has been the privilege of serving his country, and less than this reward he has received.

The portrait of General Wood published in our illustrated section and this editorial will reach our readers shortly after General Wood arrives at the post to which he has been now assigned—the command of the newly created Southeastern Department. As a military post his new command is perhaps the least important to which any soldier of his rank could have been detailed. Despite this fact, in his new post there does remain for General Wood an opportunity of carrying his vision of the American citizen-soldier of the future into a new and fertile field. We believe that the South will give the fullest recognition to this man and his message.

The sons of those who knew at first hand the soldierly ideals of Robert E. Lee should be quick to respond to the appealing vision of Leonard Wood.

WAR AND A FREE PRESS

The bill in Congress putting limits on the liberty of the press during the war has elicited heated protests from certain influential daily papers. We make no attempt to discuss the provisions of the bill because it is still subject to amendment and the questioned provisions may be altered before this number of The Outlook can reach our readers. But the occasion is fitting for a statement of general principles by which both Congress and the country should be guided.

The liberty of the press in a free country differs in no essential respect from other forms of liberty. Democracy assumes the truth of an aphorism attributed to Augustine, "Please to do right, and then do as you please." It assumes that most men please to do right, and it generally leaves them free to do as they please. But the country may define what is right, and may punish the individual or prevent him from doing what is wrong. He has liberty to use his hands as he pleases, but if he uses his fist to knock his neighbor down the law punishes him. He has liberty to use his tongue as he pleases, but if he uses his tongue to slander his neighbor the law punishes him. Liberty and anarchy are not synonyms. The country retains the right to define the limits within which the individual may do as he pleases.

The law of liberty recognizes the rights and interests of the public as well as of the individual. If the orator uses his tongue to incite a mob to ravage, plunder, and burn, or a printer uses his type to furnish obscene prints or obscene literature to schoolboys, the law punishes the offender. The law protects the rights both of the individual and the public against any man who does not please to do right; and the community assumes the authority to define for the individuals in the community what is right.

There is preventive law, as there is preventive medicine. If a man threatens to assault his neighbor, the neighbor does not have to wait until he is assaulted. He may have his would-be assailant arrested and bound over to keep the peace. If a man purposes any act which will work an irreparable injury to his neighbor or to the community, neither the neighbor nor the community has to await the fulfillment of the evil purpose. The court will issue an injunction against the threatened wrong and enforce the prohibition by a summary process.

Apply these simple principles to the liberty of the press.

If a newspaper libels the President, the editor should be liable to punishment. An American citizen does not lose his right to the protection accorded to other American citizens because the Nation has made him its President.

If a newspaper incites a mob to violence, or if in time of war it publishes statements the obvious effect and probable purpose of which are to give aid and comfort to the enemy, its editor should be liable to punishment. There is no sacredness in type which makes immune from punishment the men who use it for a criminal purpose.

Preventive law is legitimate in time of war as in time of peace. Whatever information is given by the newspapers to the country is also given to the enemies of the country. The great majority of newspapers will voluntarily refrain from such publication. But one newspaper which does not refrain may inflict on the country an irreparable injury. The country has a right to protect itself against this peril by prohibiting the publication of any information which will do injury to the country or give aid and comfort to its enemies. And it may take such measures as it deems wise for giving to the press and to the public the infor-

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mation which is consistent with the public interests and may prohibit the publication of information which it regards as perilous to the Nation. Such prohibition is only the application to the newspapers in time of war of a principle long since recognized and acted upon in time of peace.

The saying attributed to Jefferson, "Error is dangerless so long as truth is left free to combat it," is true. The press must be left free to give untrammeled expression to public opinion concerning public acts and public policies. It must be left free to criticise or condemn the public utterances and the public acts of the Government and its agents. They are the servants of the people; the master must be left free to criticise his servants. But that does not imply freedom to misreport those acts and utterances, or to asperse the motives of those servants, or to give those facts to the public which public safety requires should not be given to the enemies of the country. It will sometimes be difficult to draw the line between legitimate and illegitimate criticism. But honestly patriotic editors will rarely find it difficult to draw that line for themselves; and others must be content, as their fellow-citizens are content, to leave the line between the lawful and unlawful in doubtful cases to be defined for them by the courts.

In one important respect the censorship of the press in democratic countries will always differ from the censorship of the press in autocratic countries. In autocratic countries the few rulers, in democratic countries the people, are to be safeguarded. In autocratic countries the press is prohibited from any utterance which lowers the authority and lessens the power of the autocrat. In democratic countries the press is restrained from any utterance which imperils the liberty and well-being of the people, and is encouraged in every utterance which protects their liberties and promotes their welfare. Free criticism of the rulers of the people is therefore discouraged or prohibited by autocracies; free criticism of the servants of the people is permitted and encouraged in democracies.

Congress ought to protect the right of the Administration to prevent the publication of news which it deems injurious to the public interest; and it ought to protect the right of the public through the press to criticise freely the public acts and public policies of the Administration.

MORE BINDING THAN A TREATY

Prior to the entrance of the United States into the war arguments were offered in Congress and in the press that we should make our war with Germany an affair separate from that in which the Allies are engaged, that we should retain a "free hand." Events have answered that argument. Our cause is the cause of the Allies. Our victory can be achieved only by the Allies' victory. Our safety, our ideals, the principles of our democracy, make it impossible to withhold what the President with great wisdom urged—"the utmost practicable co-operation in counsel and action with the Governments now at war with Germany."

Our interest, our duty, and the force of circumstances alike put us under obligation to join the Allies.

The whole question that remains consists in this: Shall we signify our entrance into partnership with our allies by a formal treaty of alliance?

Those Americans who have felt most keenly the burden of responsibility that is resting on this Nation at this time of the testing of democracy have believed, and still believe, that the American Government could show its good faith to its partners by such an alliance. A treaty would not only make it certain that no peace would be made which would leave the United States to deal with Germany alone, but would be the means of assuring our allies that America would not leave them in the lurch, but would see the thing through.

It is a measure of the trust which our allies have in us as a people that they ask for no such treaty of alliance. These are the words of Mr. Balfour, officially representing the Government of Great Britain—words which we quoted last week, but which bear repeating again and again:

> Our confidence in the assistance we are going to get is not based upon such shallow considerations as those which arise out of formal treaties. No treaty could increase our undoubted confidence in the people of the United States, who, having come into the war, are going to see it through. If anything is certain in this war, that is certain.

It seems impossible that any American with a spark of honor in his breast should make upon that statement the following comment. We suppress the name of the journal that makes it, because we want to make it plain that we are not attacking a person or a newspaper, but a state of mind. This is what this newspaper, in comment on Mr. Balfour's statement, says:

> The —— has so often said that the United States ought to keep a free hand in war that the full assurance of such an attitude is naturally gratifying to us. It will at once remove a certain fear which many in Congress have expressed about the possibility that this country might contract with the Allies hampering obligations.

A free hand!

If a man who makes a promise to pay a debt without a written instrument has a free hand, so has America.

Let those who think so not delude themselves by imagining that they can advocate the exercise of a free hand by America in this war without incurring the odium that rests upon Germany for the breaking of her treaties.

If America wants to be released from any obligation or wishes to limit the obligation she has already incurred, let her make a formal treaty. If not, then let Americans realize that America is under the most solemn of obligations. Her hand is not free. Her promise is more binding than a bond.

OPINIONS ABOUT BILLY SUNDAY

A teacher of history once said that every one of the greatest struggles in history was over a difference of emphasis. This is the root of the difference of opinion concerning Billy Sunday. Those who criticise him emphasize his mannerisms, his slang, his theology, and what seems to them his intolerance. Those, on the other hand, who believe in him, support him, and regard him as an agency of good consider that all these characteristics are secondary. They see in his mannerisms the means to which he resorts in order to reach enormous crowds, as the actor must exaggerate the normal tones of his voice and the normal movements of his hands and body in order to convey his ideas across the footlights. They see in his use of the vernacular the reaction of a man of the people from the meaningless phraseology, the pious platitudes, the *patois de Canaan* of the pietist, and the effort of such a man of the people to put what he regards as very real experiences into language which the men like him in the street will recognize as real. They see in his theology the workings of a mind not interested primarily in theological dogma, but impatient with a good deal of current hair-splitting, and therefore determined to side-track theological disputes by assuming that a traditional theology is not to be questioned. And they interpret what others call his intolerance as a by-product of a man who is so very much in earnest and who sees so clearly the evils that come from lack of conviction, the evils of indifference to vital questions of right and wrong, the nerve-cutting effect of the doctrine of the Laodicean, that he does not stop to distinguish between opinions and convictions, and puts all that he says on an equal plane of intensity.

None of these characteristics should be confused with either the essence of religion and morality or the essence of Billy Sunday himself. If some of the Old Testament prophets should come to life again and use in our pulpits to-day the language which they used in the royal courts and the open spaces of ancient Israel and Judah, we should be more scandalized by it than by anything Billy Sunday says. And we forget that Paul used the vernacular Greek and Jesus the vernacular Aramean. And even the theology of the Old Testament and some of the current beliefs recorded in the New Testament would not be wholly acceptable to people who criticise Billy Sunday's theology.

The real test by which to judge what Billy Sunday does is the one set forth in the Sermon on the Mount—"By their fruits ye shall know them." What Billy Sunday has imparted to

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thousands upon thousands is not his mannerisms, not his slang, not his theology nor intolerance, but his faith and the power to abandon selfishness and self-indulgence and laziness and a thousand other vices, petty and big, and the power to devote life and energy to righteousness and justice and cleanness and liberty. He has done greater things than even he knows. He has been the source of new life and new power for righteousness in many and many a community.

When the history of democracy in the beginning of the twentieth century is written, it will be recorded that Billy Sunday was a force in infusing that democracy with religious faith and purpose.

KNOLL PAPERS

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

THE IDEAL STATE

Your article in The Outlook for December 6 last upon the German philosophy excites the appetite for The Outlook's philosophy of the state, which is only partially given in said article. So I presume on your patience to beg for it in full. S. A. F.

NEITHER the state nor the church is a divine organization in any other sense than this, that the Creator of man has endowed him with a social nature which causes him to seek the fellowship and co-operation of his fellow-men in any enterprises which he may undertake. The result is industrial organizations, religious organizations, artistic and musical organizations, and, with all the rest, a political organization.

There is, therefore, no outward form of government which is divinely appointed. That form of government is best which governs best; and that governs best which best promotes in its citizens a noble manhood and womanhood. Therefore that form which governs best in one period of human development may not govern best in another period of human development.

I know of no better definition of the true objects of the state than that furnished by the preamble to the Constitution of the United States:

> We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America.

It is the object of the state to form a more perfect union.

It unites the citizens in a common endeavor for the common welfare. The existence of such a union and of the spirit which brings it about tends to greater peace, order, and safety. The Government of England has conserved this object by its union of England, Wales, and Scotland. It has failed to conserve this object in its dealing with Ireland. Its statesmen are endeavoring to undo the mischief of the past by bringing about a real union with Ireland by some form of Home Rule. The Sinn Feiners, in resisting this endeavor and fomenting hostility in Ireland to union with England, are doing what they can to prevent the accomplishment of one of the objects of good government in their own country.

It is the object of the state to establish justice.

For this purpose it organizes courts to determine what is just, and constables, sheriffs, and police to enforce the decision of these courts, and, specifically, to protect the fundamental rights of the individual to his person, to his property, to his reputation, and to his family, against the aggressions of the unscrupulous, the lawless, and the criminal.

It is the object of the state to insure domestic tranquillity.

It does this by forming a more perfect union, establishing and maintaining justice, removing by its judicial system just causes for complaint, and by promoting those educational and philanthropic enterprises which tend to make the members of the community better acquainted with each other, and to inspire in them a greater regard for each other's interests and a greater tolerance and respect for each other's opinions.

It is the object of the state to provide for the common defense.

As it provides by courts and by police for the protection of the individual from unscrupulous and lawless individuals within the community, so it provides by military forces for the protection of the community from unscrupulous, lawless, and hostile communities without. It is the duty of the state to equip itself with force sufficient to furnish this protection to its citizens at home and abroad, on the land and on the sea. If it fails to do this, it fails in one of its primary duties. If it uses this force, not to defend the lives and property of its citizens, but to make aggression on the lives and property of other citizens, it is an unjust and lawless state. How far it ought to go in uniting with other nations to enforce international law and to protect the rights of nations unable to protect themselves is a question the determination of which must depend upon the circumstances of each particular case.

It is the object of the state to promote the general welfare.

There is what has been satirically called the "night watchman" theory of the state—that its only function is to protect persons and property, and that if under this protection each man takes care of number one all the numbers will be well taken care of. The framers of the American Constitution entertained one hundred and thirty years ago a larger conception of government than this. They said that it is a function of the state to promote the general welfare. What may it do for this purpose? Our answer is: The people may do by the state whatever they find they can do for themselves better and cheaper than they can hire done for them by private enterprise. There is no other test to be applied to such questions as: Shall the state carry letters and not parcels, or small parcels and not large freight, or freight and not passengers? Shall it own post-offices and not the telegraph, or the telegraph and not the railways, or post-offices, the telegraph, and the railways, all three? There is no limitation on the power of the state to do anything which the citizens deem to be for the public welfare, and which is not inconsistent with personal liberty.

It is the object of the state to secure the blessings of liberty for its citizens.

This is the climax in the preamble to our Constitution. It is also the climax in the American ideal. The ideal state is "conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal." Justice is established, domestic tranquillity insured, the common defense provided for, the general welfare promoted, in order to secure the blessings of individual liberty.

Every man, whatever his race, color, intelligence, condition, or past history, has a right to become all that under adequate protection and with reasonable opportunity he can become. This is not merely a political opinion in America. It is a religious faith. It is not true that the state exists for the individual; but it is true that the state exists for the community. It is not an end; it is the means to an end. And that end is a human brotherhood, governed justly, defended adequately, and living peacefully in happiness and freedom.

America is still in the making. Its hopes are vague; its ideal is still but dimly perceived. But this ideal of political organization for individual freedom and the common well-being is the luminous cloud that leads America toward its promised land. Because Americans believe both in personal liberty and in the common welfare, they believe in local self-government, municipal home rule, and a federal system; in opening all doors of service equally to all the people; in the duty of the state to provide by public education all the people with equality of equipment to take advantage of opportunity; in the right of workingmen to combine and promote their common interests by collective bargaining rather than in state ownership and state

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direction and control of all organized industries; in a homestead law, giving land to any man who will live upon it and cultivate it, and in conserving for the public welfare all public lands, such as mines, forests, and water powers, which cannot be developed by individual industry; in the ownership and administration of the great railways by private enterprise, but under a Governmental regulation which insures their administration in the interest of the public; in a protective system rather than in a pension system, believing that a protective system, properly regulated, will enable each individual to provide his own pension. The guiding spirit of America seeks to combine individual enterprise and individual liberty with organized effort for the common good.

I answer, then, my correspondent's question with the following definition of the true state:

The state is a political organization, the divine intent of which is to provide for the defense both of the individual and of the community, to insure peace and order, to promote the general welfare, and to preserve inviolate the blessings of individual liberty.

The Knoll, Cornwall-on-Hudson.

REVOLUTIONARY TENDENCIES IN THE SCHOOL SYSTEM OF THE UNITED STATES

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE BY FREDERICK M. DAVENPORT

Not long ago The Outlook published three articles by the new English Minister of Education, Herbert A. Fisher, in which there were hints of a searching of heart on the part of the English people with respect to their system of national education. The educational supplement of the London "Times" is full of letters which point to profound changes in English educational practice when the war is over. In the mirror of the great war America is examining herself in many ways, and not always, perhaps not often, with satisfaction. Is American education serving the American democracy? There is no more fundamental question of the National life. Mr. Frederick M. Davenport, who is by this time well known to our readers, following the impulse of a recent visit into New England, has brought to us some impressions and interpretations of far-reaching change already at work beneath the surface of education in the United States. He will discuss these impressions in three articles, the first of which appears herewith, the topics being, respectively, "Revolutionary Tendencies in the School System of the United States," "The Democratizing of 'Culture,'" "The Nationalizing of American Education."—THE EDITORS.

IT is an illumination of the needs of modern New England to drop in upon an evening session in the old and famous Boston Latin School. Still the tablet on the wall in memory of Ezekiel Cheever, the early great head master; still the Latin and Greek training, broadened since Cheever's day—the Boston Latin School is even now the nearest thing to the genuine classical high school in New England. But over yonder, under the same roof, is a class of foreign-born under instruction in English that they may take out their naturalization papers. And across the hall there is another big room full of adult mutes being taught to read by the movement of the lips.

A short time ago the Superintendent of Schools in Boston resigned to accept the leadership of education in Oklahoma, where he might build anew with freedom in a frontier State. His successor in Boston in his inaugural address referred to New England as now the real educational frontier of the country. The frontier of the children of the lowly foreign-born it is, like New York and other parts of the great East, a frontier of struggle for economic livelihood and a place in the sunlight of the world, but without the clear and inspiring reactions of democracy and Nationalism which marked the earlier recession of the frontier of the West.

Boston is yet the chief brain center of New England. And the mind of Boston is seething with portents of educational revolution. The original home in this country of formal discipline and traditional culture is welcoming willingly the attempted overthrow of the theory and the practice which lie at the root of the old ideas about discipline and culture. Greek has gone except for those who like or need it. And Latin is going except for those who like or especially need it. And there is a further programme of revolution openly advocated by compelling leaders. No formal grammar—so also, for the great body of students, no portions of mathematics which cannot be made practically useful in the every-day life of the world. Algebra, said one of the greatest educators in New England to me, has for the most part no more educational value than counting the spots on the sun. New England is thinking no longer of the training of a ministerial or professional aristocracy, but is planning for the practical culture of the great unwashed and undisciplined democracy within her gates.

How to make the first six years of elementary education more efficient in time and knowledge and inspiration, how to hold the boys and girls of fourteen in school a little longer until they learn better what it is to be Americans and what working niche in the world they are best fitted to fill—that is the problem. Reading, writing, figuring, and spelling, of course, in a more effective and practical way; and physical training beyond the dream of Athens. But something also about stars, and birds, and flowers, and trees, and real things of many sorts in science and literature and language and art and music; and the history of the institutions and the economic and social happenings of common men. But, of the old discipline, only that is to remain which will freely and fully energize the mind for the service of the present age and give it practical vision and enthusiasm and power.

Much of this impending revolution has not yet been put into action. But some of it has. Massachusetts has her mechanics' arts high schools for boys, and practical arts high schools for girls, her high schools of commerce, and her English high schools in addition to the Latin schools. And a vast system of State-aided vocational training is growing up. At Fall River and at Lowell boys are fitted to become master weavers. Instead of a thesis upon the ethical dative, the graduate plans a piece of cloth, weaves it, and dyes it, and out of it his graduation suit is made. Or the student spends the forenoon in the agricultural school and the afternoon in the forestry work of the city, pruning and doctoring trees, or with the greenhouse man or the gardener or the city park department. The girls are headed in the direction of practical home-makers or intelligent business and industrial workers. In the Boston schools the eighth-grade teachers hold individual conferences with their pupils to aid in leading them towards the particular high school for which they seem to be fitted and towards the right way out into the battle and the service of life.

Both boys and girls in Massachusetts are beginning to be guided toward a broader and more useful community citizenship. At Chatham in groups together they hunt and destroy the larvæ of the brown-tailed moth. At Dorchester the teacher, as judge of a circuit court, conducts his pupils through all the naturalization proceedings, and when the time of the final oath of citizenship comes they stand up and take it together, while the teacher-judge reads from Hale's "Man Without a Country" or from President Wilson's speech to the new Americans in Philadelphia. Dorchester is through with teaching citizenship from a text-book and of having it written back to the instructor. Government is objectified. When the senior class elects its officers, it is done in a regulation polling-booth under the system of the preferential ballot. There was consternation the other day when the choice for the class presidency fell, in one of these elections near Boston, upon a boy bound for the commercial high school, the son of plain parents, and not upon a boy bound for the classical high school for entrance to college. "There," said one teacher, "I can see how democracy is going to work, and I am opposed to it. The best choice of the lot was passed

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by, a boy of fine New England family, whose father keeps two or three automobiles." "Yes," said the civics instructor; "but what we are trying to do here is to energize democracy, to allow it to proceed by trial and error, so that by and by it will learn to choose with a higher wisdom."

In Massachusetts some of the most successful teachers are trying to make the school-city a model for the municipality. The pupils under such instructors elect their own mayor and common council at the time when the city's mayor and common council are elected. They follow with ordinance and discussion the policies and activities of the city government. There are very few important factors of the real city's life with which these community experimenters do not become in a measure practically acquainted. "There goes fifty cents of my money," said one boy to another as the fire-engine swept by the window. It is the serious, practical side of the duty of citizenship which is brought home to them. And when the time is ripe for it, these native New England scions and the offspring of the foreign stock together take the young Athenian's oath:

> We will never bring disgrace to this our city by any act of dishonesty or cowardice or ever desert our suffering comrades in the ranks. We will fight unceasingly to quicken a public sense of civic duty. We will revere and obey the city's laws, and do our best to incite a like respect and reverence in those about us who are prone to annul them or set them at naught. Thus in all these ways we will transmit this our city, not only not less, but greater, better, and more beautiful than it was transmitted to us.

But what is stirring Boston and other parts of New England is, in fact, stirring the educational deeps of the country. And the strength of it has been increased by the lessons of the great war. The real power of Germany is not in the submarine or in Prussian militarism. It is in the fact that Germany before the war made good on her boast that she would not have an untrained boy or girl in the Empire. The average German citizen is an intelligent and expert asset in the great conflict. The wakening of England and her preparation in thirty months against Germany's preparation of thirty years will some day be the theme of universal admiration. But England now knows how narrow was her escape from disaster. She now realizes how lax and loose and undisciplined and careless she had grown. The recent Sir George Newman report, with its revelation that a million children are so physically or mentally defective or diseased as to be unable to derive reasonable benefit from the education which the country provides, has aroused England like a fire-bell in the night. The malnutrition of an imperfectly regulated and blood-exploiting industrial and housing system! Nothing of that character before the war in the Empire of her great foe!

But something more is stirring England with respect to the welfare and efficiency of her youth. England has not lacked the sacrifice of her young men. Out of the public schools and colleges and universities they have poured loyally and silently and grimly into the death trenches. But England sees now how her system of education lacks in anything like universal physical and vocational expertness. The census of vocational or industrial misfits has never been taken, but if it were taken in England or America the conclusion could not fail to be appalling. And we should have accounted at once for much of the social unrest in England and America. Certainly never again in England will there be satisfaction with an educational system which has produced results so perilous to the national safety. And the physical and vocational elements of a genuine culture will not again be allowed to lapse while the English people endure.

How about America? Underneath the surface there is with us vast educational discontent. Our system of the training of youth cannot be called a failure. The common people have put their trust in it because at least it has granted to every child equality of access to knowledge. And it is producing within itself profound variations in the direction of progress. But nevertheless a great number of elder as well as younger men and women in the United States are waking up to a realization of the manner in which their careers and training have been victimized by the curriculum of their education. They have been fed too much on the chaff and sawdust of a merely formal discipline. To appreciate the inner meaning of the world of nature and the activities and happenings of common men and common things; to possess the joy of learning and knowing what is really worth while in order to do it; to experience the energizing of mind and the happiness which flow from having early been guided into one's natural place in the work and service of the world, with a clear road to livelihood and freedom—nobody in his senses would maintain that the system of American education has fulfilled or is now fulfilling for the great majority these native aspirations of human beings.

The rural schools of a considerable portion of the South—and parts of the North—are a formal and inert travesty upon real physical, mental, and moral training for livelihood, liberty, and happiness. The General Education Board has given us pictures and descriptions of large numbers of these rural schools:

> Small, one-roomed structures set on pegs, weather-blackened, window-smashed, often with wrecked entrance stoops and lockless door; for chimney a length of stove-pipe thrust through side or back; for furniture a perpendicular combination of bench and desk, well fitted to be an engine of torture. . . . The original picturesqueness of . . . nature . . . defaced and belittered. From November onward, for three to seven months, somewhat less than half of the school population of the district may be found there, usually taught by a young girl, a last year's older pupil of this or a neighboring school. Enter and you shall see her painfully teaching her class to read sentences of English, quite likely as one would pronounce the successive words in the perpendicular columns of a spelling-book.

One finds little done to alleviate the miseries or discomforts of country life, few lessons of health or industry or food or clothing or shelter, or much of anything else which these children need to know. The pupils are penned in a room, chained to a bench, and subjected to traditionally irksome and for the most part useless methods and unskillfully taught disciplines of a day that is gone.[1] That is the picture which the General Education Board brings to us. This is no method for the making of the Nation.

And in most of our cities the shortcomings of American education are manifest. The millions of the children of the foreign-born have already greatly weakened the existing system so far as its being the support and inspiration of the Nation is concerned. Two-thirds of all the pupils leave school at fourteen years of age, either wearied of it or urged by their parents into the economic struggle for which the teaching of the schools seems to give no overt sign of preparation. Trained neither for citizenship nor for economic efficiency, there results a great undisciplined mass of a kind of citizens by which America is in danger of being flooded. And the blame is upon the vastness of the problem and upon the generation-long incompetence and lack of insight of American government and public opinion, and not upon the mass. A land dedicated to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness is becoming more thoroughly permeated every year with vocational misfits and misanthropes and multitudes in blind alleys with no hope of the way out. Here is certainly one great source of growing National discontent.

Speaking of Americanism, did you ever look over the eligible civil service list of teachers in New York or Boston? In New York you will be surprised at the great number of Jewish and Slavic names; in Boston, at the great number of Irish and Jewish names. And they are mostly women. It is greatly to the credit of these children of the foreign-born. But of course it means that much of the work of Americanism under our city public school system is being done by those who have no ancestral background and who are themselves taking the first steps in the culture and inspiration of a genuine Americanism.

When we get our true bearings in this country, after the menace of the great war is past, it is not the army, not the navy, not diplomacy, not even a more earnest attention to the human welfare of workers, that should have our first concern. Important these are. But every one of them is of no final avail unless there is behind all a sound and efficient system for the early training and discipline of the youth of the United States. Physical and military, yes, and immediate; but, above all, vocational and civic discipline. In that system of education in which there is neither National vision nor National efficiency the people doubly perish!

[1] Gates, "The Country School of To-Morrow."

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ON THE BRITISH BATTLE LINE OF INDUSTRY

BY JEFFERY FARNOL

AUTHOR OF "THE BROAD HIGHWAY," "THE AMATEUR GENTLEMAN," ETC.

AT an uncomfortable hour I arrived at a certain bleak railway platform, and in due season, stepping into a train, was whirled away northwards. And as I journeyed, hearkening to the talk of my companions, men much traveled and of many nationalities, my mind was agog for the marvels and wonders I was to see in the workshops of Great Britain. Marvels and wonders I was prepared for, and yet for once how far short of fact were all my fancies!

Britain has done great things in the past; she will, I pray, do even greater in the future; but surely never have mortal eyes looked on an effort so stupendous and determined as she is sustaining and will sustain until this most bloody of wars is ended.

The deathless glory of our troops, their blood and agony and scorn of death, have been made pegs on which to hang much indifferent writing and more bad verse. There have been letters also, sheaves of them, in many of which effusions one may discover a wondering surprise that our men can actually and really fight; that Britain is still the Britain of Drake and Frobisher and Grenville, of Nelson and Blake and Cochrane, and that the same deathless spirit of heroic determination animates her still.

To-night, as I pen these lines, our army is locked in desperate battle, our guns are thundering upon the Somme, but, like an echo to their roar, from mile upon mile of workshops and factories and shipyards are rising the answering roar of machinery, the thunderous crash of titanic hammers, the hellish rattle of riveters, the whining, droning, shrieking of a myriad wheels, where another vast army is engaged night and day, as indomitable, as fierce of purpose, as the army beyond the narrow seas.

I have beheld miles of workshops that stand where grass grew two short years ago, wherein are bright-eyed English girls, Irish colleens, and Scots lassies by the ten thousand whose dexterous fingers flash nimbly to and fro—slender fingers, yet fingers contriving death. I have wandered through a wilderness of whirring driving-belts and humming wheels where men and women, with the same feverish activity, bend above machines whose every hum sang to me of death while I have watched a cartridge grow from a disc of metal to the hellish contrivance it is.

And as I watched the busy scene it seemed an unnatural and awful thing that women's hands should be busied thus, fashioning means for the maiming and destruction of life—until, in a remote corner, I paused to watch a woman whose busy fingers were fitting finished cartridges into clips with wonderful celerity. A middle-aged woman this, tall and white-haired, who at my remark looked up with a bright smile, but with eyes somber and weary.

"Yes, sir," she answered above the roar of machinery, "I had two boys at the front, but they're a-laying out there somewhere—killed by the same shell. I've got a photo of their graves—very neat they look, though bare, and I'll never be able to go and tend 'em, y'see, nor lay a few flowers on 'em. So I'm doin' this instead—to help the other lads. Yes, sir, my boys did their bit, and now they're gone their mother's trying to do hers."

Thus I stood and talked with this sad-eyed, white-haired woman who had cast off selfish grief to aid the Empire, and in her I saluted the spirit of noble motherhood ere I turned and went my way.

But now I woke to the fact that those with me had vanished utterly. Lost, but nothing abashed, I rambled on between long alleys of clattering machines which in their many functions seemed in themselves almost human, pausing now and then to watch and wonder and exchange a word with one or other of the many workers, until a kindly works manager found me and led me unerringly through that riotous jungle of machinery.

He brought me by devious ways to a place he called "holy ground"—long, low outbuildings, approached by narrow wooden causeways, swept and reswept by men shod in felt; a place this where no dust or grit might be, for here was the magazine, with the filling sheds beyond. And within these long sheds, each seated behind a screen, were women who handled and cut deadly cordite into needful lengths as if it had been so much ribbon, and always and everywhere the same marvelous speed.

He led me, this soft-voiced, keen-eyed works manager, through well-fitted wards and dispensaries, redolent of clean, druggy smells and the pervading odor of iodoform; he ushered me through dining-halls long and wide and lofty and lighted by many windows, where countless dinners were served at a trifling cost per head; and so at last out upon a pleasant green, beyond which rose the great gates where stood the cars that were to bear my companions and myself upon our way.

"They seem to work very hard," said I, turning to glance back whence we had come. "They seem very much in earnest."

"Yes," said the manager, "every week we are turning out"—here he named very many millions—"of cartridges."

"To be sure, they are earning good money," said I, thoughtfully.

"More than many of them ever dreamed of earning," answered the works manager. "And yet—I don't know—but I don't think it is altogether the money, somehow."

"I'm glad to hear you say that—very glad," said I; "because it is a great thing to feel that they are working for the Britain that is, and is to be."

II

A drive through a stately street where were shops which might rival those of Bond Street, the Rue de la Paix, or Fifth Avenue for the richness and variety of their contents; a street whose pavements were thronged with well-dressed pedestrians and whose roadway was filled with motor cars—vehicles, these, scornful of the petrol tax and such like mundane and vulgar restrictions; in fine, the street of a rich and thriving city.

But suddenly the stately thoroughfare had given place to a meaner street, its princely shops had degenerated into blank walls or grimy yards; on either hand rose tall chimney-stacks belching smoke; instead of dashing motor cars heavy wains and cumbrous wagons jogged by; in place of the well-dressed throng were figures rough-clad and grimy that hurried along the narrow sidewalks; but these rough-clad people walked fast and purposefully. So we hummed along streets wide or narrow, but always grimy, until we were halted at a tall barrier by divers policemen, who, having inspected our credentials, permitted us to pass on to the factory, or series of factories that stretched themselves before us, building on building, block on block, a very town.

Here we were introduced to various managers and heads of departments, among whom was one in the uniform of a captain of engineers, under whose capable wing I had the good fortune to come, for he, it seemed, had lived among engines and machinery, had thought out and contrived lethal weapons from his youth up, and therewith retained so kindly and genial a personality as drew me irresistibly. Wherefore I gave myself to his guidance, and he, chatting of books and literature and the like trivialities, led me along corridors and passageways to see the wonder of the guns. And as we went, in the air about us was a stir, a hum that grew and ever grew until, passing a massive swing-door, there burst upon us a rumble, a roar, a clashing din.

We stood in a place of gloom lit by many fires, a vast place whose roof was hid by blue vapor; all about us rose the dim forms of huge stamps whose thunderous stroke beat out a deep diapason to the ring of countless hand-hammers. And lighted by the sudden glare of furnace fires were figures, bare-armed, smoke-grimed, wild of aspect—figures that whirled heavy sledges

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or worked the levers of the giant steam-hammers, while here and there bars of iron, new, glowing from the furnace, winked and twinkled in the gloom where those wild, half-naked men-shapes flitted to and fro unheard amid the thunderous din. Awed and half stunned, I stood viewing that never-to-be-forgotten scene until I grew aware that the captain was roaring in my ear.

"Forge—rifle-barrels—come and see, and mind where you tread."

Treading as seemingly silent as those wild human shapes that straightened brawny backs to view me as I passed, that grinned in the fire-glow and spoke one to another words lost to my stunned hearing ere they bent to their labor again, obediently I followed the captain's dim form until I had come where, bare-armed, leathern-aproned, and bespectacled, stood one who seemed of some account among these salamanders, who, nodding to certain words addressed to him by the captain, seized a pair of tongs, swung open a furnace door, and, plucking thence a glowing brand, whirled it with practiced ease and set it upon the dies beneath a huge steam-hammer, nodding his head. Instantly that mighty engine fell to work, thumping and banging with mighty strokes, and with each stroke that glowing steel bar changed and changed—grew round, grew thin, hunched a shoulder here, showed a flat there, until, lo! before my eyes was the shape of a rifle minus the stock. Hereupon the bespectacled salamander nodded again; the giant hammer became immediately immobile, the glowing forging was set among hundreds of others, and a voice roared in my ear:

"Two minutes—this way."

A door opens, closes, and we are in sunshine again, and the captain is smilingly reminiscent of books.

"This is greater than books," said I.

"Why, that depends," says he; "there are books and books. This way."

Up a flight of stairs, through a doorway, and I am in a shop where huge machines grow small in perspective. And here I see the rough forging pass through the many stages of trimming, milling, turning, boring, rifling, until comes the assembling, and I take up the finished rifle ready for its final process—testing. So downstairs we go to the testing-sheds, wherefrom, as we approach, comes the sound of dire battle—continuous reports, now in volleys, now in single sniping shots, or in rapid succession.

Inside I breathe an air charged with burned powder, and behold in a long row many rifles mounted upon crutches, their muzzles leveled at so many targets. Beside each rifle stand two men, one to sight and correct, and one to fire and watch the effect of the shot by means of a telescope fixed to hand.

With the nearest of these men I incontinently fell into talk—a chatty fellow this, who, busied with pliers adjusting the back-sight of a rifle, talked to me of lines of sight and angles of deflection, his remarks sharply punctuated by rifle-shots that came, now clearly, now in twos and threes, and now in rapid volleys.

"Yes, sir," said he, busy pliers never still, "guns and rifles is very like us—you and me, say. Some is just naturally good, and some is worse than bad. Load up, George! A new rifle's like a kid—pretty sure to fire a bit wide at first—not being used to it; we was all kids once, sir, remember. But a bit of correction here an' there'll put that right, as a rule. On the other hand, there's rifles as Old Nick himself nor nobody else could make shoot straight. Ready, George? And it's just the same with kids. Now, if you'll stick your eyes to that glass and watch the target, you'll see how near she'll come this time. All right, George!" As he speaks the rifle speaks also, and, observing the hit on the target, I sing out:

"Three o'clock!"

Ensues more work with the pliers; George loads and fires, and, with one eye still at the telescope, I give him:

"Five o'clock!"

Another moment of adjusting, again the rifle cracks, and this time I announce:

"A bull!"

Hereupon my companion squints through the glass and nods. "Right-oh, George," says he; then, while George the silent stacks the tested rifles with many others, he turns to me and nods. "Got 'im that time, sir; pity it weren't a bloomin' Hun!"

Here the patient captain suggests we had better go, and unwillingly I follow him out into the open, and the sounds of battle die away behind us.

And now as we walked I learned some particulars of that terrible device, the Lewis gun: how it could spout bullets at the rate of six hundred per minute; how, by varying pressures of the trigger, it could be fired by single rounds or pour forth its entire magazine in a continuous, shattering volley; and how it weighed no more than twenty-six pounds.

"And here," said the captain, opening a door and speaking in his pleasant voice, much as though he were showing me some rare flowers, "here is where they grow by the hundred every week."

And truly in hundreds they were, long rows of them, standing very neatly in racks, their walnut stocks heel by heel, their grim blue muzzles in long, serried ranks, very orderly and precise. And something in their very orderliness endowed them with a certain individuality, as it were; it almost seemed to me that they were waiting, mustered and ready, for that hour of ferocious roar and tumult when their voice should be the voice of swift and terrible death. Now as I gazed upon them, filled with these scarcely definable thoughts, I was startled by a sudden, shattering crash near by, a sound made up of many individual reports, and, swinging about, I espied a man seated upon a stool; a plump, middle-aged, family sort of man, who sat upon his low stool, his aproned knees set wide, as plump, middle-aged family men often do. As I watched, Paterfamilias squinted along the sights of one of these guns, and once again came that shivering crash that is like nothing else I ever heard. Him I approached and humbly ventured an awed question or so, whereupon he graciously beckoned me nearer, vacated his stool, and, motioning me to sit there, suggested that I might try a shot at the target, a far disc lighted by shaded electric bulbs.

"She's fixed dead on," he said, "and she's true—you can't miss. A quick pull for single shots, and a steady pressure for a volley."

Hereupon I pressed the trigger, the gun stirred gently in its clamps, the air throbbed, and a stream of ten bullets (the testing number) plunged into the bull's-eye, and all in the space of a moment.

"There ain't a un'oly 'Un of 'em all could say, 'Hoch the Kaiser!' with them in his stomach," said Paterfamilias, thoughtfully, laying a hand upon the respectable stomach beneath his apron. "It's a gun that is!" And a gun it most assuredly is.

I would have tarried longer with Paterfamilias, for in his own way he was as arresting as this terrible weapon—or nearly so—but the captain, gentle-voiced and serene as ever, suggested that my companions had a train to catch, wherefore I reluctantly turned away. But as I went I glanced back to Paterfamilias, as comfortable as ever where he sat, but with podgy fingers on trigger grimly at work again, and from him to the long, orderly rows of guns mustered in their orderly ranks, awaiting their hour.

We walked through shops where belts and pulleys and wheels and cogs flapped and whirled and ground in ceaseless concert, shops where files rasped and hammers rang, shops again where all seemed riot and confusion at the first glance, but at a second showed itself ordered confusion, as it were. And as we went my captain spoke of the hospital bay, of wards and dispensary (lately enlarged), of Sister and nurses and the grand work they were doing among the employees other than attending to their bodily ills; and talking thus he brought me to the place, a place of exquisite order and tidiness, yet where nurses, blue-uniformed, in their white caps, cuffs, and aprons, seemed to me the neatest of all. And here I was introduced to a Sister, capable, strong, gentle-eyed, who told me something of her work—how many came to her with wounds of soul as well as body; of griefs endured and wrongs suffered by reason of pitiful lack of knowledge; of how she was teaching them care and cleanliness of minds as well as bodies, which is surely the most blessed heritage the unborn generations may inherit. She told me of the patient bravery of the women, the chivalry of grimy men whose hurts may wait that others may be treated first. So she talked and I listened until, perceiving the captain somewhat ostentatiously consulting his watch, I presently left that quiet haven, with its soft-treading ministering attendants.

So we had tea and cigarettes, and when I eventually shook

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hands with my captain I felt that I was parting with a friend.

"And what struck you most particularly this afternoon?" inquired one of my companions.

"Well," said I, "it was either the Lewis guns or Paterfamilias the grim."

III

Henceforth the word "Clydebank" will be associated in my mind with the ceaseless ring and din of riveting-hammers, where, day by day, hour by hour, a new fleet is growing, destroyers and torpedo-boats alongside monstrous submarines; yonder looms the grim bulk of super-dreadnought or battle-cruiser or the slenderer shape of some huge liner.

And with these vast shapes about me, what wonder that I stood awed and silent at the stupendous sight. But to my companion, a shortish, thickset man with a masterful air and a bowler hat very much over one eye, these marvels were an every-day affair; and now, ducking under a steel hawser, he led me on, dodging moving trucks, stepping unconcernedly across the buffers of puffing engines, past titanic cranes that swung giant arms high in the air; on we went, stepping over chain cables, wire ropes, pulley-blocks, and a thousand and one other obstructions, on which I stumbled occasionally, since my awed gaze was turned upwards.

I beheld great ships well-nigh ready for launching; I stared up at huge structures towering aloft, a wild complexity of steel joists and girders, yet in whose seeming confusion the eye could detect something of the mighty shape of the leviathan that was to be. Even as I looked six feet or so of steel plating swung through the air, sank into place, and immediately I was deafened by the frightful racket of the riveting-hammers.

". . . nothing like a good book and a pipe to go with it," said my companion between two bursts of hammering.

"This is a huge ship," said I, staring upward still.

"M'm—fairish," nodded my companion, scratching his square jaw and letting his knowledgeful eyes rove to and fro over the vast bulk that loomed above us.

"Have you built them much bigger, then?" I inquired.

My companion nodded and proceeded to tell me certain amazing facts which the riotous riveting-hammers promptly censored in the following remarkable fashion.

"You should have seen the rat-rat-tat. We built her in exactly nineteen months, instead of two years and a half. Biggest battle-ship afloat—two hundred feet longer than the rat-tat-tat—launched her last rat-tat-tat—gone to rat-tat-tat-tat for her guns."

"What size guns?" I shouted above the hammers.

"Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat inch," he said, smiling grimly.

"How much?" I yelled.

"She has four rat-tat-tat-tat inch and twelve rattle-tattle inch besides rat-tat-tat-tat," he answered, nodding.

"Really?" I roared. "If those guns are half as big as I think, the Germans—"

"The Germans—" said he, and blew his nose.

"How long did you say she was?" I hastened to ask as the hammers died down a little.

"Well, over all she measured exactly rat-tat feet. She was so big that we had to pull down a corner of the building there, as you can see."

"And what's her name?"

"The rat-tat-tat, and she's the rattle-tattle of her class."

"Are these hammers always quite so noisy, do you suppose?" I inquired, a little hopelessly.

"Oh, off and on," he nodded. "Kick up a bit of a racket, don't they? But you get used to it in time. I could hear a pin drop. Look! since we've stood here they've got four more plates fixed; there goes the fifth. This way."

Past the towering bows of future battle-ships he led me, over and under more steel cables, until he paused to point towards an empty slip near by.

"That's where we built the Lusitania," said he. "We thought she was pretty big then, but now—" he settled his hat a little farther over one eye with a knock on the crown.

"Poor old Lusitania!" said I; "she'll never be forgotten."

"Not while ships sail," he answered, squaring his jaw. "No, she'll never be forgotten, nor the murderers who ended her."

"And they've struck a medal in commemoration," said I.

"Medal!" said he, and he blew his nose louder than before. "I fancy they'll wish they could swallow that damn medal one day. Poor old Lusitania! You lose any one aboard?"

"I had some American friends aboard, but they escaped, thank God! Others weren't so fortunate."

"No," he answered, turning away. "Over there's one of the latest submarines. Germany can't touch her for speed and size, and, better than that, she's got rat-tat."

"I beg pardon," I wailed, for the hammers were riotous again; "what has she?"

"She's got rat-tat forward and rat-tat aft, surface speed rat-tat-tat knots, submerged rat-tat-tat, and then, best of all, she's rattle-tattle-tattle. Yes, hammers are a bit noisy. This way. A destroyer yonder—new class—rat-tat feet longer than ordinary. We expect her to do rat-tat-tat knots, and she'll mount rat-tat guns. There are two of them in the basin yonder having their engines fitted, turbines to give rat-tat-tat horse-power. But come on; we'd better be going, or we shall lose the others of your party."

"I should like to stay here a week," said I, tripping over a steel hawser.

"Say a month," he added, steadying me deftly. "You might begin to see all we've been doing in a month. We've built twenty-nine ships of different classes since the war began in this one yard, and we're going on building till the war's over—and after that, too. And this place is only one of many. Which reminds me you're to go to another yard this afternoon; we'd better hurry after the rest of your party or they'll be waiting for you."

"I'm afraid they generally are," I sighed, as I turned and followed my conductor through yawning doorways (built to admit a giant, it seemed), into vast workshops whose lofty roofs were lost in haze. Here I saw huge turbines and engines of monstrous shape in course of construction. I beheld mighty propellers, with boilers and furnaces big as houses, whose proportions were eloquent of the colossal ships that are to be. But here, indeed, all things were on gigantic scale; ponderous lathes were turning, mighty planing machines swung unceasingly back and forth, while other monsters bored and cut through steel plate as if it had been so much cardboard.

"Good machines, these," said my companion, patting one of these monsters with familiar hand; "all made in Britain."

"Like the men," I suggested.

"The men!" said he; "humph! They haven't been giving much trouble lately—touch wood."

"Perhaps they know Britain just now needs every man that is a man," I suggested, "and some one has said that a man can fight as hard at home here with a hammer as in France with a rifle."

"Well, there's a lot of fighting going on here," nodded my companion; "we're fighting night and day, and we're fighting damned hard. And now we'd better hurry; your party will be cursing you in chorus."

"I'm afraid it has before now," said I.

So we hurried on past shops whence came the roar of machinery, past great basins wherein floated destroyers and torpedo-boats, past craft of many kinds and fashions, ships built and building; on I hastened, tripping over more cables, dodging from the buffers of snorting engines, and deafened again by the fearsome din of the riveting-hammers, until I found my traveling companions assembled and ready to depart. Scrambling hastily into the nearest motor car, I shook hands with this shortish, broad-shouldered, square-jawed man and bared my head, for, so far as these great works were concerned, he was in very truth a superman. Thus I left him to oversee the building of these mighty ships which have been and will ever be the might of these small islands.

But even as I went speeding through dark streets, in my ears, rising high above the hum of our engine, was the unceasing din, the remorseless ring and clash, of the riveting-hammers.

In a second article Mr. Farnol will describe "Ships in the Making" and report a talk with a British "midshipmite"

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POLICE HONORS

BY FRANK HUNTER POTTER

PICTURE to yourself the bridge over the Harlem Ship Canal on a dark night in March. Sergeant John Enright, one of the medalists of this year, was crossing it a little after midnight when he heard a faint cry for help coming from the water below him. He looked over, and saw a dim form being carried along westward by the tide. He threw off his coat and cap, and, blowing his whistle, climbed down the iron ladder which led from the roadway to a stone abutment twenty-five feet above the water. The canal was full of floating ice, but there was no other way than to dive in, and happily he struck between two pieces. When he came to the surface, he saw, thirty feet or so away, the face of a man whose elbows rested on a cake of ice, by which he was supporting himself. Pushing his way through the broken floes, Sergeant Enright swam to the man, and, following his example, rested his chin on the cake of ice, and began to swim against the tide back to some spiles under the bridge, now nearly a hundred feet away, pushing before him the floe on which they both rested. When he reached the spiles, he hooked one of his legs around one of them, supporting the now unconscious man, and sent a policeman for a rope, for a little group had gathered, attracted by his shouts and his whistle. When at last the rope was brought, he placed the life-saving ring attached to it under the man's arms, and told those above to hoist away. They did, and immediately the rope broke, dropping the man into the water, where he sank, so that Enright was obliged to dive for him to bring him to the surface. Again he had to cling to the slippery spile while another rope was brought, and when at last he and the rescued man were pulled out, he had been in the freezing water for over half an hour.

Patrolman Luke H. Grace won the Department's Medal of Honor by a gallant deed of much the same sort. Diving in full uniform into the North River in the middle of a January night when the water was full of ice, he rescued a drowning man who became unconscious before the officer could reach him. The outstanding feature in both of these cases was the fact that no one but the rescuing officer heard the cry for help, so that if he had shirked his duty it never would have been known. And in both cases the officers, after changing their clothes, went back to their posts. That is the spirit which runs through the whole police force of New York from top to bottom.

Another kind of courage—perhaps the same, after all, but exhibited in widely differing circumstances—was that shown by Patrolman Edward F. Doyle, who received the Automobile Club Medal last year. He was on post over on the west side of the city when he heard an explosion. He ran in the direction of the sound, summoning the Fire Department on the way, and found that the explosion had occurred in the ammonia plant of the Manhattan Refrigerator Company. As he started to enter the building he was held back by the superintendent, who told him that he must not go in, for there would be another and worse explosion in a few minutes. Doyle disregarded this warning and hurried into the engine-room to see if there was any one there in need of help. Groping his way through the smoke and the fumes of the ammonia, he found a man in a semi-conscious condition trying to get up the stairway from the engine-room below. Doyle pulled him up the stairs, got him on his back, and carried him out to safety. He turned to go back into the building, and was again warned by the superintendent, but, heedless of the warning, had just crossed the threshold of the door when the second explosion came, which not only blew him back into the street but so wounded him with broken glass that he had to go on sick leave. The courage of a man who would go into a building after a warning from the person who knew best what danger there was, and then go in again after he had learned for himself how great that danger was, needs no comment.

The bravery which will attempt to arrest an armed criminal when all the odds are against the officer is another of the glories of the Department and has cost it many a valuable life. Patrolman John A. McCarren—how many Irishmen there are among these heroes!—last year won the Department Medal of Honor, the greatest honor which any officer can win, by just such a display of pluck. McCarren was standing on post in the Bowery when he heard the report of a pistol and joined in the pursuit of a fleeing criminal, one Kruger, who had attempted to rob a United Cigar store. The man ran into a house on Stanton Street, followed by McCarren and another officer, who started to search the building. McCarren went upstairs till he reached the fourth floor, when the burglar, who was hiding in a dark hall near the foot of the stairs which led to the roof, began firing. The first shot grazed McCarren's cheek, the second struck him in the shoulder, the third wounded him badly in the abdomen. As he stood in the light the officer could not see Kruger, but he fired three times at the flash of his pistol. The situation required the highest kind of bravery, for one man had to be killed or the other lose his nerve. And Kruger lost his nerve, for after McCarren's third shot he came forward, threw up his hands, and surrendered.

Then there are the men who risk their lives from bombs with lighted fuses, like Patrolman Terence F. Smith, who won the Peter F. Meyer medal in 1915. One night in September, 1914, a man who was returning home in the Italian district in East Fifteenth Street found a bomb with lighted fuse in the hall of the house where he lived. He rushed into the street, found Patrolman Smith and told him of it. The officer hurried into the house, found the bomb, and tried to stamp out the fuse with his feet. Failing in this, he seized it with his fingers and tore it out of the bomb, though the danger was great that the spark would reach the explosive before he could put it out. We hear a lot about the courage of men who toss back bombs with lighted fuses which fall into their trenches; here was a man who went from where he was perfectly safe to find the bomb, at the imminent risk of his own life, to save the lives of others.

The bravery in this last case seemed almost automatic, so little time to think was afforded by the situation, yet this only shows how perfectly the men are trained to meet any exigency which may arise. Patrolman John Hallahan showed it at the Grand Central subway station when he won the Automobile Club of America Medal. A drunken man fell from the platform before a rapidly approaching train, and lay helpless on the track. Hallahan was lame with a stiff knee—injured, by the way, in the performance of his duty—and so was unable to move rapidly, but he instantly sprang from the platform to help the fallen man, and tried to pull him out of the way of the train. To the bystanders it seemed certain death to both of them, but the engineer succeeded in stopping a few feet from them. Hallahan had seen the train coming when he jumped, but that he would most likely be killed never seemed to enter his calculations; his job was to save the drunken man. That is the result of police training and police standards.

These cases, taken almost at random, furnish a fair idea of what sort of men the police medalists are. They perform every year deeds of valor as great as any done in war, and, moreover, they perform them in cold blood, stimulated by no heat of combat, but as ordinary, every-day duties.

Every year, on the occasion of the parade of the New York police force, the climax of interest is reached in a little group of men who are brought before the Mayor to receive the medals which constitute the highest honor at the disposal of the Department. They are not the only honor, but they are the highest, like the Victoria Cross in the English army or the Légion d'Honneur in that of France. Of the other awards but little is known to the public, which hears only of the medals which, with one exception, are given "For Valor," like the Victoria Cross.

These other awards are brought into more prominence than usual this year, because, as it was not deemed advisable to withdraw so many men from duty as generally take part in the parade, the only body to march besides the mounted men was the "Honor Regiment," composed of the men who have received these awards from the Board of Honor.

This Board, which is composed of half a dozen high officials of the Department, has referred to it the case of every man who has performed some act of exceptional merit which, in the opinion of his captain or his inspector, entitles him to official recognition. The Board passes on these cases and makes the appro-

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PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL THOMPSON

MAJOR-GENERAL LEONARD WOOD

Soldier and citizen, General Wood has been the country's most effective prophet of Preparedness. As a military statesman we are only beginning to appreciate his achievements. He is leaving the Department of the East to take up his duties in the newly created Southeastern Department. See editorial comment

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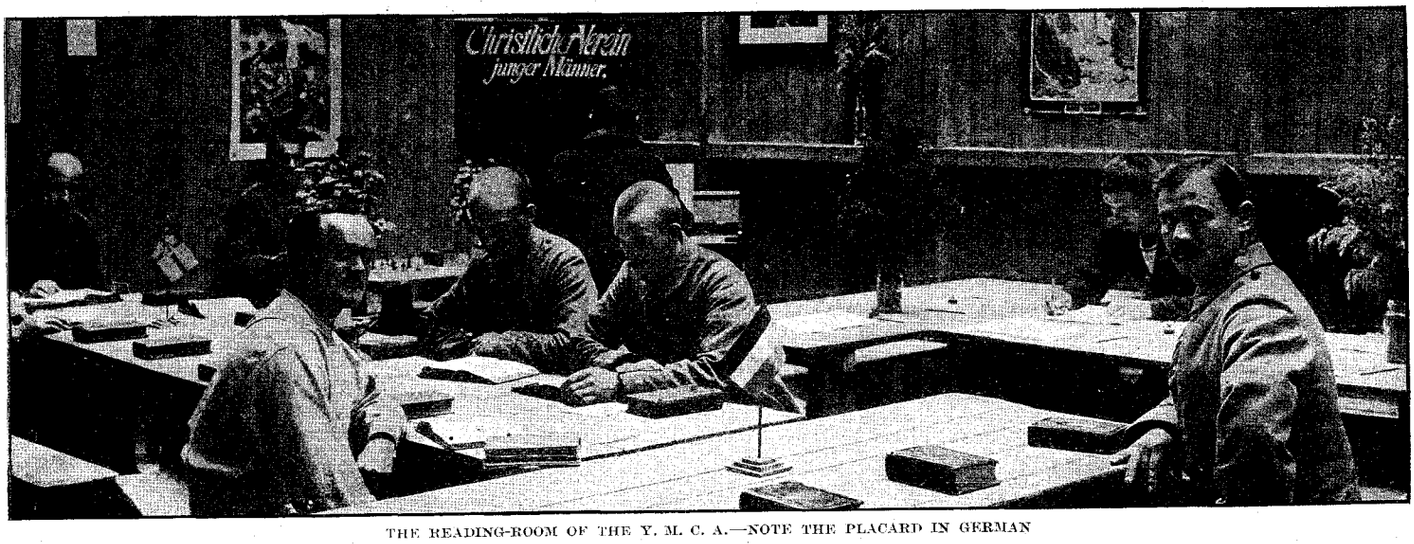
IN RECOGNITION OF THE GERMANS' LOVE OF FLOWERS, OFFICERS ARE ALLOWED TO CULTIVATE THEIR OWN GARDENS

INDOOR AMUSEMENTS—A DRESS REHEARSAL IN THE THEATER



THE READING-ROOM OF THE Y. M. C. A.—NOTE THE PLACARD IN GERMAN

"THE BETTER THINGS OF THE WAR"—THE HUMANE TREATMENT

These pictures were taken at the request of Ambassador Gerard in order that Germany might know how her men were treated

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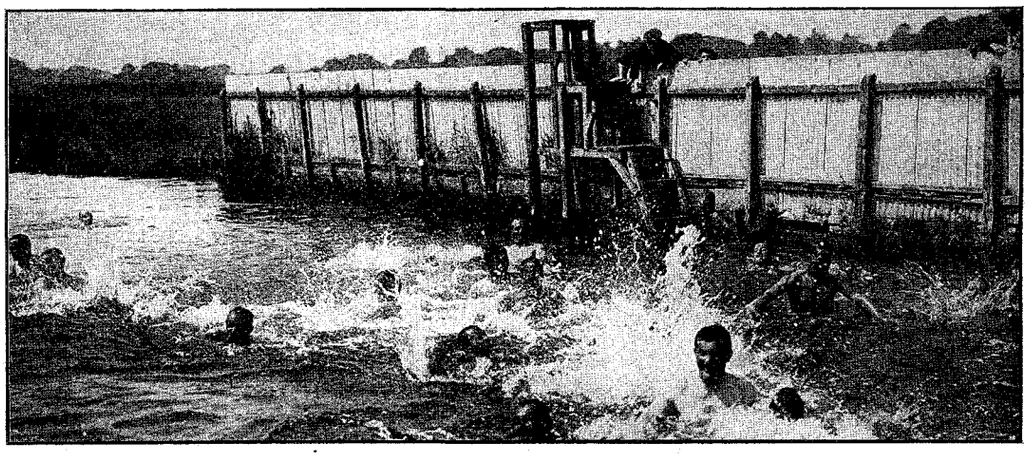
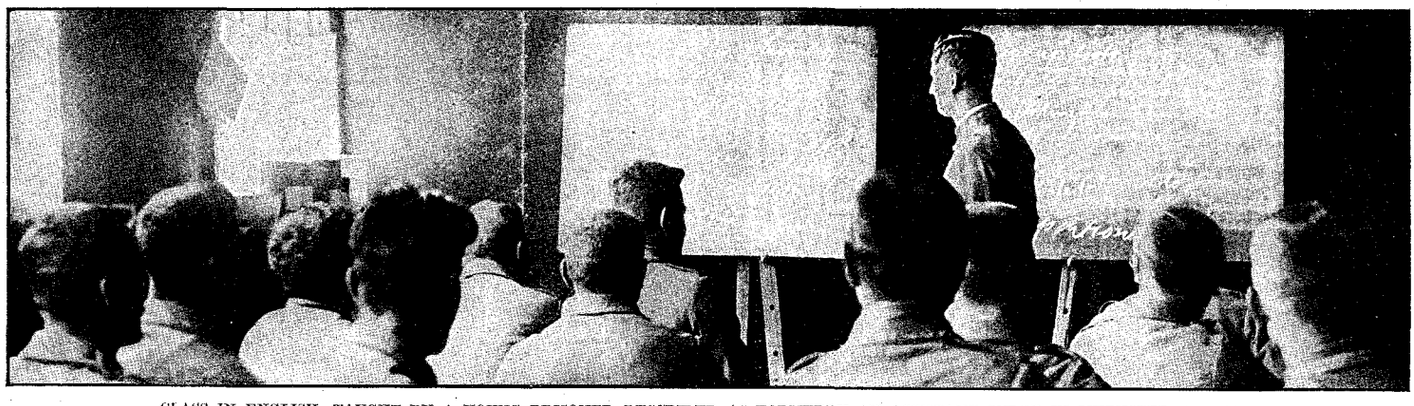
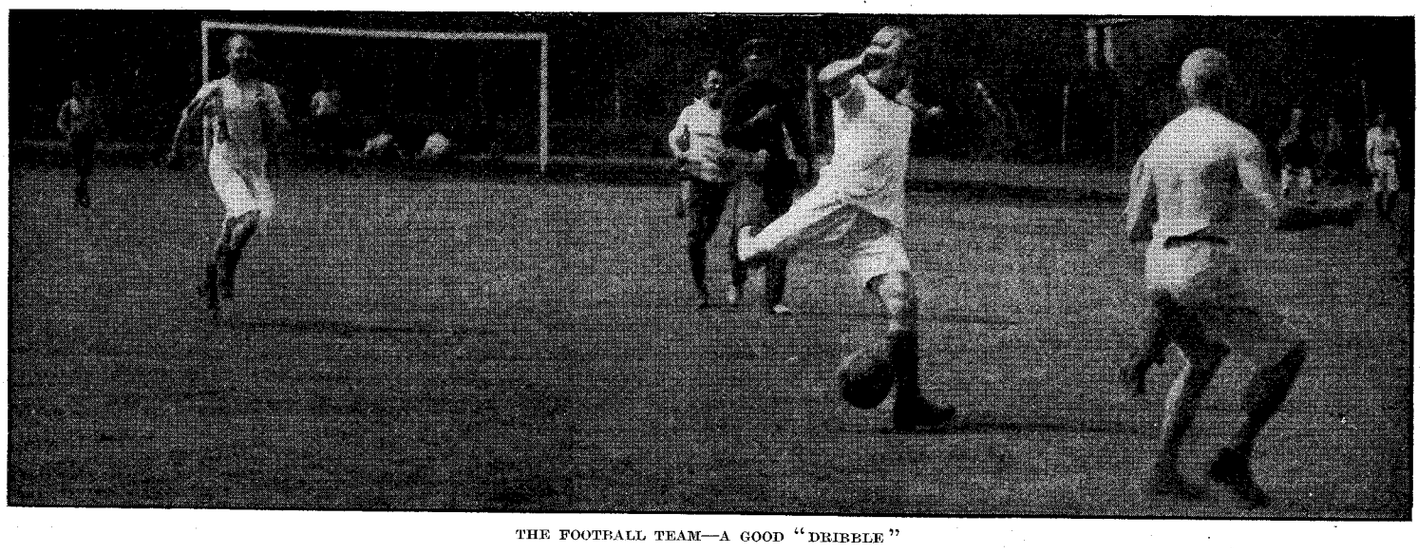
A PRISONER WITH HIS PET RABBIT



THE OPEN-AIR SWIMMING BATH



CLASS IN ENGLISH, TAUGHT BY A YOUNG PRISONER DESCRIBED AS FORMERLY AN ASSISTANT JUDGE IN MUENSTER, PRUSSIA



THE FOOTBALL TEAM—A GOOD "DRIBBLE"

AFTER LUNCH—PRISONERS WALKING IN THE GARDEN
This shows in the background the "huts" of one of the camps

OF CAPTURED GERMANS IN THE PRISON CAMPS OF ENGLAND

in Great Britain. They are selected from a series covering six of the largest camps in Great Britain. See editorial comment

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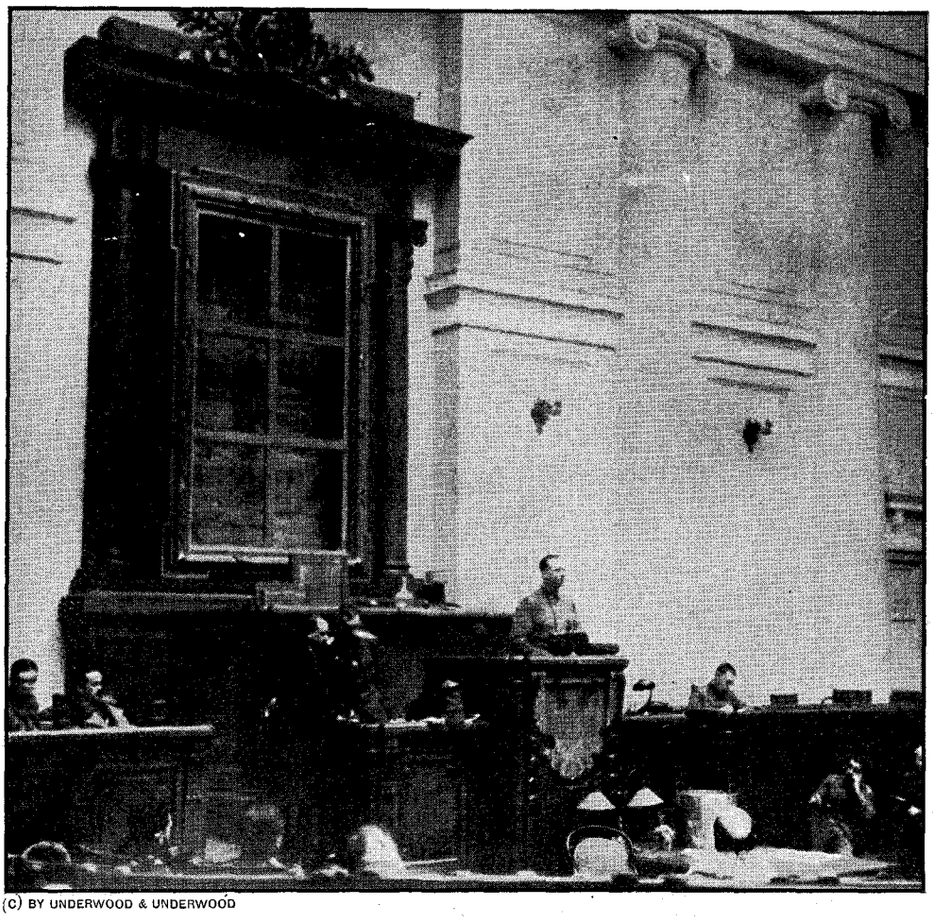


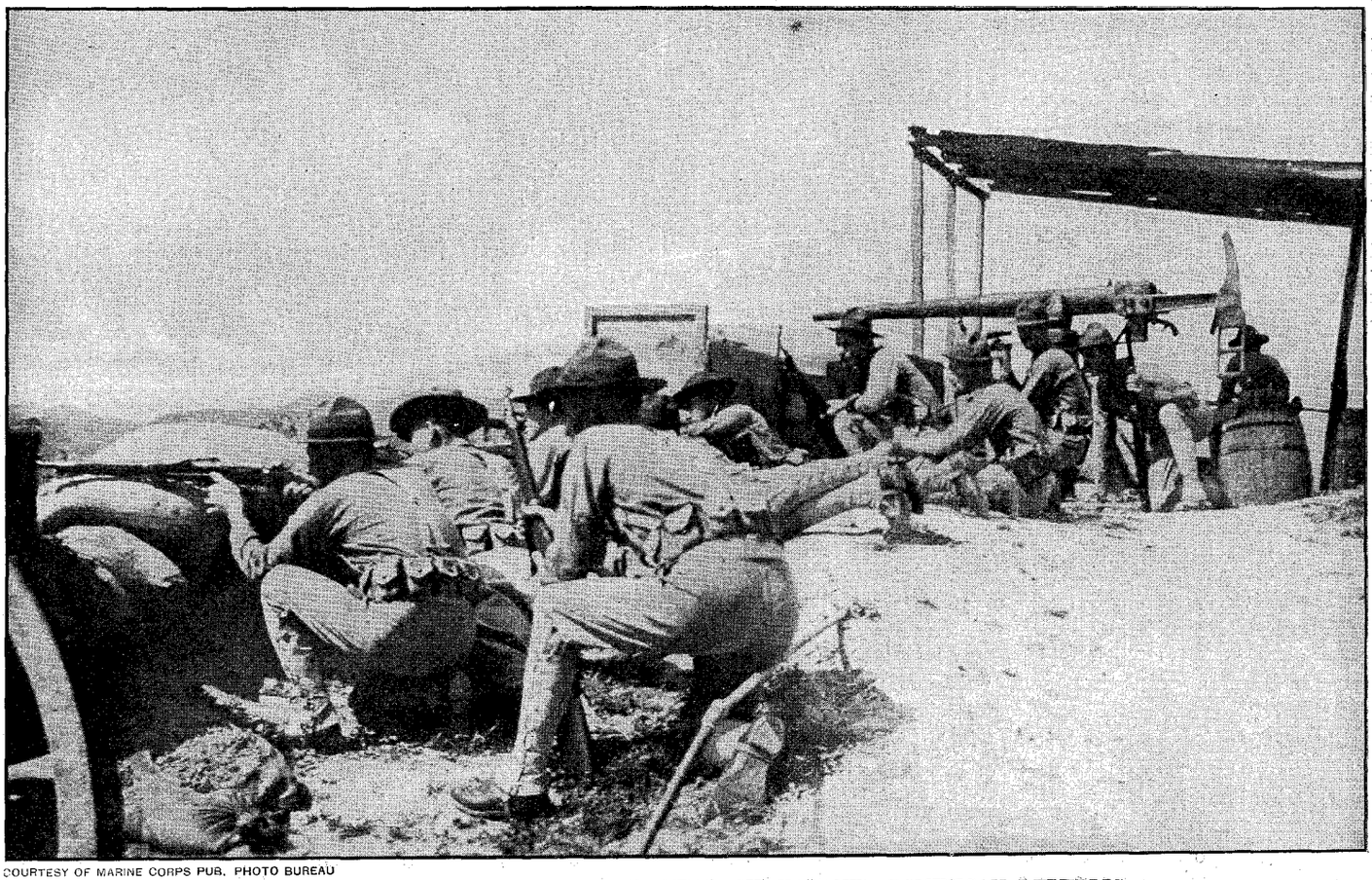
(C) BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION—THE PORTRAIT OF THE CZAR NO LONGER SEEN IN THE DUMA'S HALL

The large frame shown in the picture formerly contained a portrait of the Czar. With the triumph of the Revolution, this was removed. The royal emblems generally were torn from shop fronts and destroyed

LIEUTENANT BRUCE WARE, THE HERO OF THE MONGOLIA

Lieutenant Ware was detailed from the U.S.S. Texas to command the gunners on the steamer Mongolia, of the American transport line. It is believed that a shot from the Mongolia sank a German submarine



COURTESY OF MARINE CORPS PUB. PHOTO BUREAU

UNITED STATES MARINES IN ACTION NEAR GUAYACANES, DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

See editorial account of the work of this branch of the service

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priate award, this being published in a Department Bulletin which appears at uncertain intervals, as occasion demands.

The medals, with the exception of a new one awarded this year for the first time, are the rewards of bravery. They are given to officers who have deliberately risked their lives, with an entire knowledge of the danger which they were incurring. Consequently their deeds present a certain family resemblance, such as one finds in the stories of the men who have won the Victoria Cross. In details, of course, they vary, but for the most part they consist of life-saving under particularly dangerous circumstances—of arresting armed criminals when there was a heavy chance against the officer, in extinguishing lighted bombs, or in some similar deed of great bravery when the officer knew that he was more than likely to lose his life in doing his duty.

Besides the medals for valor, there is one, the Department Medal of Merit, which is being awarded this year for the first time. It is given for the performance of any piece of police duty of uncommon excellence, and this year it falls to a bit of extraordinary detective work by Acting Sergeant John F. Brennan, which has already been described in The Outlook.[1]

After the medals there come various awards by the Board of Honor—Honorable Mention (the class in which the medal men are usually found), Exceptional Merit, Commendation, Commendable Merit, Excellent Police Duty, and Meritorious Police Duty. Each recommendation to the Board of Honor is accompanied by a report on the case, and in these reports one catches glimpses of the strange under-world of the great city.

As one turns over the leaves of the records, one is impressed with the fact that the average policeman needs only opportunity to make good. In 1915 the Isaac Bell Medal for bravery was given to a probationer, Patrick Gilshinan, a man not yet fully on the force, for a splendid piece of life-saving. Again, there was Patrolman Thomas H. Conkling. On June 19, 1915, he went into a dark hall after three hold-up men, one of whom he was obliged to shoot after the gangster had tried to shoot him. Two weeks later, July 4, Conkling was in bathing at Rockaway Beach, when he heard a call for help from the water. He swam out and aided to bring the struggling man to shore, and just as he got him in another cry for help arose, and he started after a second man, who was seen struggling in the water, and brought him in too. The officer was off duty, but he seized his opportunity as it appeared, as policemen seem always to do—like the officer who heard shots as he was being shaved, and went after the man who did the shooting without waiting to wipe the lather from his face.

One more of these splendid examples of courage and quick thinking must suffice. In mid-September, 1915, was held the final parade of the Coney Island Mardi-Gras celebration. It was Children's Day, the Concourse was lined with women and children, and many automobiles were parked in the oval at the end of the Ocean Parkway. Suddenly two horses were seen galloping furiously towards the helpless crowd. They were ridden by an assistant grand marshal and an aide, were completely out of control, and unless they could be stopped would work havoc with the women and children. There was no time to stop them by seizing their bridles, as the mounted police usually do; they must be brought up short. Like a flash, Mounted Sergeant Lenihan and Mounted Patrolman Conolly swung their horses athwart the course of the flying runaways, realizing that a collision was the only way to save the bystanders. The shock was terrific. Conolly's horse was thrown heavily, and he himself was severely injured, but the women and children were saved. That was all that mattered to Conolly, and that seems to be all that ever matters to the New York policeman when the issue is put squarely up to him.

[1] Issue of November 29, 1916.

GATHERING UP THE FRAGMENTS

BY Z. M. DUCKWORTH, JR.

WHEN a small boy (I beg a personality), our family, a large one, lived on a farm. The children were always well clothed and fed; in fact, we were never actually in want of anything with the exception of unreachable pleasures.

But in this I could never understand the caution of my mother, "Never throw anything away." It always struck me as unreasonable, at that time, with the trees bending with apples and I being given an apple to eat, that if I chose to eat half of the apple I should not throw the other half away, as there were "plenty more." Since growing into manhood I have discovered that there was wisdom in the teaching of my mother, and have a rule in my own family that "anything useful for a purpose shall be conserved for that purpose."

It is said that the average French family could live on what the American family in the same plane of life throws away. This is no doubt true. The French housewife weighs the value of things and gets the most of them, while the American housewife is not so prone to patch and mend and save the "left-overs." In comparing housewives, mind you, I refer only to those in our cities.

For instance, a neighbor of mine, who I will call Mr. A, draws the fair salary of $150 per month. He does not live in luxury, but is comfortable. Mrs. A, his wife, is a typical example of the American housewife. She is a good housekeeper—their home is spotless—but she balks at the idea of mending Mr. A's socks; not that she is incapable of doing it nicely, but because "Mr. A wears 25-cent hose, and it's much cheaper to buy new ones than to mend."

And Mrs. A never dreams of saving even the smallest things—bits of butter and the like—from one meal to the next. She "clears the deck" after each meal, and explains that "it is much easier on her to make deposits in the garbage-can than to let them lay over until the next meal."

A day or two ago I called the attention of Mr. A to an article in an evening newspaper on a street-cleaner in our city who received a salary of $52.50 per month, and who was providing for a family—a wife and eight children—and doing it nicely. Mr. A was thunderstruck. "Why," said he, "that man must surely make something in addition to his regular salary or that story is the dream of a youthful reporter. My wife and I have quite a bit of financing to do in in these times of soaring food prices. It's impossible."

Fearing the "reporter's dream," I made a personal investigation. A pleasant-faced woman of ample dimensions met me at the door of a little cottage in the suburbs. My first question was, "How do you do it?" She explained that $7 each month went for the rent of the cottage, $20 for groceries, $3 for her husband's car-fare, and the rest for clothing and incidentals. "If there is anything left at the end of the month, we put it in the savings bank," she explained. "We now have a balance of about sixty dollars in the bank. It represents the savings of several years, but we have done our best. Four of my children are attending the district school, and two of my boys are working. The boys do not live with us, however. They stay in the city and support themselves. One has his head set on going to college.

"Of course we have our own garden, keep a cow, which we paid for on installments, and we have raised two dozen hens, which supply us with fresh eggs daily. Sometimes our grocery bill does not run to even $20 per month. Last month it was $18.50. We put the saving on this account in the bank.

"No, we never throw anything away. Every scrap is saved. Potatoes, when we have them, are never peeled before cooking."

Further investigation showed that the wife of the street-cleaner was a Frenchwoman. She has been in this country some twenty-five years, but inherits that saving instinct of the French that rivals that of the Scots. She keeps a rough budget of expenses, and any appropriation not totally expended at the end of the month is transferred to the savings account.

Now, not every family can do so well as that of the sweeper of streets, but should we take pains to "pick up the fragments" the excuses for high food prices would be few indeed.

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WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY

BY J. MADISON GATHANY, A.M.
HOPE STREET HIGH SCHOOL, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Based on The Outlook of May 2, 1917

Each week an Outline Study of Current History based on the preceding number of The Outlook will be printed for the benefit of current events classes, debating clubs, teachers of history and of English, and the like, and for use in the home and by such individual readers as may desire suggestions in the serious study of current history.—THE EDITORS.

[Those who are using the weekly outline should not attempt to cover the whole of an outline in any one lesson or study. Assign for one lesson selected questions, one or two propositions for discussion, and only such words as are found in the material assigned. Or distribute selected questions among different members of the class or group and have them report their findings to all when assembled. Then have all discuss the questions together.]

I—INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

Topic: Russia and a Separate Peace.
Reference: Page 6.
Questions:

1. What are the evidences that there is a separate peace movement in Russia? 2. Who are advocating and aiding this movement? How? Why? How is it possible to explain that Russian Socialists will talk over such a matter with German Socialists when Germany is the enemy of Russia? 3. How does The Outlook show that the danger of a separate peace "is constantly decreasing"? 4. Does it seem to you that a separate peace between Germany and Russia would destroy Russia's new-found liberty? If so, would that be a calamity to the *human race?* Give reasons.

B. Topic: The Duty of Christ's Church To-Day.
Reference: Editorial pages, 13–15.
Questions:

1. In advocating that the Church take an active part in this war, is or is it not fair to charge Dr. Abbott with being a militarist and with being inconsistent as a teacher of Christian truths? 2. Dr. Abbott charges German autocracy with being pagan. Has he, in your opinion, sustained his charge? Careful thought and clear reasoning are called for in answering question 2. 3. Would or would you not agree with Dr. Abbott in saying that "Might does not make right"? Present a line of argument. 4. How does might *impose* responsibility? Upon whom? 5. Was Christ a pacifist? Prove what you say. 6. How is it possible for Christ's followers to go forth with *swords* in their hands and at the same time have malice toward *none* and charity for *all?* 7. By way of summary tell what Dr. Abbott believes the duty of Christ's Church to be. 8. Give *your* opinion of its duty. 9. What principles should guide a Christian in making up his mind as to what his duty is in time of war?

II—FOREIGN AFFAIRS

Topic: The New Russia.
Reference: Page 16–18.
Questions:

1. Who is Professor Shatzky? 2. What are the leading facts about the Duma since 1906? (See American Year Book, 1907–1916; Hazen, "Modern European History," pages 585–589; Harding, "New Mediæval and Modern History," pages 707–710; The Outlook, May 2, pages 16–18.) 3. What has the Duma had to do with creating the new Russia? 4. Against how many and what elements and forces has liberal Russia had to contend since 1906 according to Professor Shatzky? 5. Compare the English revolution of 1688 with the Russian revolution of 1917. (See Cheyney's "Short History of England," pages 466–514, and Professor Shatzky's article.) 6. How does Professor Shatzky characterize the members of Russia's present Government? 7. Tell how new Russia came to be born. 8. In how many different ways can America help new Russia? For what reasons should America help her? (See The Outlook for April 25, 1917, editorial pages, 729, 730.)

III—NATIONAL AFFAIRS

A. Topic: Extension of Woman Suffrage.
Reference: Page 10.
Questions:

1. Is suffrage a right or a privilege? Discuss. 2. Give as many arguments as you can against woman suffrage and as many as you can for it. Do you believe in equal suffrage? Why or why not? (See Garner, "Government in the United States," pages 128, 129; Ashley, "The New Civics," pages 109, 110.) 3. How many States now give women the right to vote? (See World Almanac for 1917, American Year Book, 1916, pages 49, 52–54). 4. Should or should not universal woman suffrage be secured in America by Federal Constitutional amendment?

B. Topic: The Battle of the Plow; Prepare for a Long War.
Reference: Editorial pages, 11–13; also pages 21, 22.
Questions:

1. Explain how these two topics are related. 2. How does Mr. Herrick show that our banks can help in the production of foodstuffs? (Pages 21, 22.) 3. Should local and Federal banks loan money to farmers on short-time securities and on personal credit? 4. In what ways could farmers be of greater service to themselves? 5. How can the railways aid in greater farm production? 6. How can school-children aid this cause? 7. By whom and how else does The Outlook show "The Battle of the Plow" can be and ought to be fought? 8. Criticise The Outlook's statement, "There is no promise of an early peace" (page 12). 9. Explain: "The surest way to shorten the war is to prepare for it as if it were to be long." 10. Name and explain The Outlook's five ways of preparing for a long war. 11. How does this "Long War" editorial appeal to you? Why?

IV—PROPOSITIONS FOR DISCUSSION

(These propositions are suggested directly or indirectly by the subject-matter of The Outlook, but not discussed in it.)

1. A democracy is more efficient in war times than in peace times. 2. Democratic ideals are unconquerable. 3. A democracy demands more virtue and more intelligence than does a despotism. 4. Christianity and war are incompatible.

V—VOCABULARY BUILDING

(All of the following words and expressions are found in The Outlook for May 2, 1917. After looking them up in the dictionary or elsewhere, give their meaning *in your own words.*)

Allies, Socialists, radicals, Prussianized Turkey, autocratic régime, problem, economists, promise, good fortune, paganism, interpretations, Christ's Church, epochs, blind instinct.

A VISIT TO PUTNAM PARK, CONNECTICUT'S "VALLEY FORGE"

BY GEORGE S. BRYAN

About two and a half miles southeast of Bethel, Connecticut, by a road that winds through rolling farm country and then plunges into a succession of tight little wooded valleys, lies Putnam Memorial Camp, better known as Putnam Park. During the summer and fall this is more or less a resort for folk from Danbury, Bethel, and Redding. But in December it lies well-nigh as deserted and still as it did when, in 1778, "Old Put" selected it and two neighboring sites for a winter quarters of the weary right wing of the Continental Army. Though this park was begun in 1887 and practically completed by 1890, it is much less generally known and visited than Valley Forge Park, in Pennsylvania, which was not begun until 1893. [See an illustrated article on "The Valley Forge Memorial Park," by Mr. F. A. Collins, in The Outlook for April 11 last.—THE EDITORS.] Yet Putnam Memorial Camp has its own measure of romantic and historic interest. Here moved one of the most popular and trusted leaders of the American cause—the hero of many a brave exploit. At Pomfret, in Windham County, the den in which at close quarters Putnam killed a great wolf is still shown. Putnam spurring a charger down a steep hill to escape the British dragoons was long a favored subject for American engravers. Whether Putnam or Colonel Prescott was in command at the battle of Bunker Hill is still in dispute among the learned. But we do know that "Old Put" was as much the idol of his men as was Andrew Jackson. Also that he was a patriot with a heart of oak, who was never implicated in the jealousies and intrigues in which General Charles Lee and other American officers burned their fingers.

MAIN ENTRANCE, WITH MODELS OF OLD-TIME BLOCKHOUSES

The thermometer was about twelve degrees below freezing at the time of my visit, so that I had a fair idea of the bleak and uncomfortable conditions which met the troops encamped here in 1778. The place, however, is sheltered by hills at the north, south, and west, and its contour is such that it holds the winter sun as in a bowl; so that, after all, it was a favorable site for such an encampment. The British would have had a difficult job, sure enough, to ferret Putnam's seasoned soldiers out of this secluded nest. They didn't try.

Somehow, with that optimism which marks Americans when taken collectively, the Continental troops wore through that unusually fierce and distressing winter. Even with two young poets (Joel Barlow and David Humphreys, who with Jonathan Trumbull and Lemuel Hopkins were leading spirits in the coterie known as the "Hartford wits") to lighten the hours, it was not the happiest sort of an existence. In the previous spring Putnam had written

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Wheat Bubbles

As She Serves Them—And Why

Have you noted how many health articles now advise eating Puffed Wheat?

Do you know how often Puffed Wheat appears on doctors' diet lists? And how many nurses serve it under doctors' orders?

Not because it is sick folks' food. But because it is whole wheat made wholly digestible.

It is scientific food—a Prof. Anderson creation. Every food cell is exploded—every atom feeds.

Toast used to be the grain-food when digestion was delicate. The scorching, perhaps, broke up half the food granules. But now it is whole-wheat—not part-wheat. And all the food cells are broken.

The same rule applies to well folks. Whole grains are far better than flour foods. And this puffing process—shooting from guns—makes all the whole-grain available.

And it makes it delightful. These giant grains, airy, thin and toasted, are really food confections.

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice**

and Corn Puffs

Each 15c Except in Far West

With Berries

Mix with your morning berries, or serve with cream and sugar. These are fascinating titbits.

In Milk

Float like bubbles in your bowls of milk. They are flaky, flavory, porous, crisp—easy to digest.

As Nut-Bits

Douse with melted butter, or simply salt them, for between-meal dainties.

On Ice Cream

Scatter them over a dish of ice cream, to give a nut-like flavor

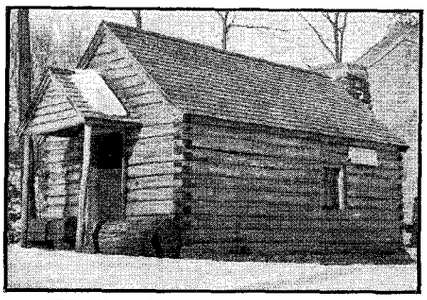
The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(1578)

A Visit to Putnam Park, Connecticut's "Valley Forge" (Continued)

to Washington that one of his regiments was without a blanket to its name; adding, "Very few have either a shoe or a shirt, and most of them have neither stockings, breeches, nor overalls." The General Assembly of Connecticut had decreed that each town was to supply for the army a dozen pairs of shoes, a half-dozen pairs of blankets, two pairs of overalls, two linen shirts, one hunting shirt, and one pair of stockings. But many of the towns found it impossible to meet even this requisition. There had been a large quantity of stores at neighboring Danbury, but these had all gone up in flames when Tryon's men fired the town in April, 1777. These stores would have been most welcome at the camp, but "No pay, no clothes, no provisions, no rum," was the keynote here, as it had been at Valley Forge the previous winter.



TYPE OF HUT USED BY REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIERS AT PUTNAM CAMP

Two Connecticut brigades did mutiny, but they had no leaders, and the half-baked plan to march to Hartford was discovered and frustrated by "Old Put" in his wonted decisive manner. He was not one to tolerate laxity. Every Sunday (possibly as a part of his discipline) the men who had breeches and shoes were marched over to Redding for a long and no doubt edifying discourse by Parson Bartlett.

Among the interesting remains of Revolutionary times near the camp one sees the old apple trees which were set out, according to town tradition, the spring the army left, and which are therefore more than one hundred and thirty-six years old.

In the engineering and adornment of Putnam Camp a certain rude simplicity has been maintained. There are no tortured symbolical groups in multicolored marbles; only a rugged monument of native granite, and a simple boulder marking unknown soldiers' graves. Three log huts of the sort used by the army have been built. The original huts had each at one end a good-sized chimney of roughly laid stones. These stone heaps and a few others about the encampment are the only remains of the original structures. The Putnam Park Commission plans to erect a new building of a Colonial type for the housing of the valuable collection of relics which have been gathered from the neighborhood.

This camp is an austere memorial of homespun men. Perhaps in no other place can one realize as here what "pinching times" the soldiers of the Revolution endured. When, on a biting winter day like this, one makes his way through the snow and stands inside one of these bleak huts, which made a shelter for twelve privates through those months of raggedness and want, one feels as never before the spirit of the Revolution. The old men of Redding used to tell how cruel was that winter of 1778–9—heavy snowfalls by mid-November, so deep that fences had disappeared. With a series of reverses behind, there was

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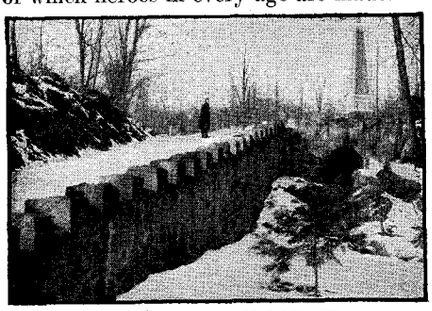
A Visit to Putnam Park, Connecticut's "Valley Forge" (Continued)

no encouragement for the ragged Continentals but Putnam's praises of their valor. Yet the bulk of these Americans, with indomitable spirit, withstood their privations, and proved themselves on many a subsequent battlefield to be possessed of the stuff of which heroes in every age are made.



CAUSEWAY AND MONUMENT

Valley Forge, with its overshadowing memories of Washington, has attracted much more attention than this camp of "Old Put;" but Connecticut's Revolutionary camp is beginning to attract a wider interest on the part of patriotic Americans—and in these times who is there among us that does not covet that honorable appellation?

HOW ONE AMERICAN SON FEELS

[The following is a letter from a young American. After serving in one of the bureaus of the United States Government, he left it to assist in organizing corresponding work in Canada. This letter, intended only for a mother's eyes, reveals what we believe is in the hearts and minds of many and many a young American, and will bring courage to many others besides this mother who can do nothing perilous themselves but have what is perhaps the harder task of seeing those whom they love go into danger for their country's sake.—THE EDITORS.]

N., British Columbia, Sunday.

Dear, dear Mother:

How I do feel for you now. Into the war at last, and five sons for the army to select from. But, mother, I think from the bottom of my heart it is a holy war, and must be gone through for the safety of our own and all other countries.

The news came to me at Nakusp, a little miserable town of a hundred people where I had to stay three days waiting for a train. When the wire came that Congress had also passed the declaration of war, I got up and walked out and praised God that my country was not going to shirk its duty in making the future of the world safe. No one is more of a coward than I am, nor more anxious to die a natural death. But every fit man owes his services to his country just as much as to his family. In fact, it is the same. You cannot separate the two duties.

So when I get back from this trip, which will be the end of the month, I will give them a chance to make use of me. I will, of course, visit you before I enlist, if I am accepted. . . .

What's M. going to do? B. of course will join his battery. Oh, mother mine, this is going to be a great thing for our dear country. Your philosophy as to the goodness of hardship and discipline is true of nations as of individuals, and a better, kinder, more generous people will come out of the war than went into it. I am proud to be an American. Your loving son, R.

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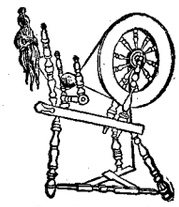

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THE NEW BOOKS

This department will include descriptive notes, with or without brief comments, about books received by The Outlook. Many of the important books will have more extended and critical treatment later

FICTION

Alabaster Box (An). A Novel. By Mary E. Wilkins Freeman and Florence Morse Kingsley. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.05.

Jan and Her Job. A Novel. By L. Allen Harker. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50.

Mr. Cushing and Mlle. du Chastel. By Frances Rumsey. The John Lane Company, New York. $1.40.

A Franco-American romance.

Phoenix (The). A Novel. By Constance M. Warren. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.40.

Shadow of the North (The). By Joseph A. Altsheler. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.35.

This second volume of the French and Indian War series is a stirring story of peril, craft, and courage in the wilderness, relieved by visits to high society on the coast. Its leading characters vanish into the forest from Braddock's overthrow near Fort Duquesne, apparently to reappear in the next volume. A good book for boys; not for boys only.

Slippy McGee: Sometimes Known as the Butterfly Man. By Mary Conway Oemler. The Century Company, New York. $1.35.

A story of a burglar, a priest, a naturalist (the Butterfly Man), and a charming girl.

Wanderer on a Thousand Hills (The). By Edith Wherry. The John Lane Company, New York. $1.40.

A tragic and often painful story of Chinese life. The "Wanderer" is an English boy found and brought up to manhood by a Chinese woman. When he discovers his real parents, he is in mind an Oriental, and as a religious devotee he passes, a strange figure, over hill and through vale, preaching his doctrine of life.

HISTORY, POLITICAL ECONOMY, AND POLITICS

Constitutional Imperialism in Japan. By Ernest Wilson Clement. Proceedings of the Academy of Political Science in the City of New York. Vol. VI, No. 3. The Academy of Political Science, New York.

Particularly useful because it gives, not only information in compact form (concerning such subjects, for instance, as who are the "Elder Statesmen" and what constitutes the Imperial Diet), but also extracts from Japanese laws concerning the general subject.

Modern Russian History. By Alexander Kornilov. 2 vols. Translated by Alexander S. Kaun. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. $5 a set.

A scholarly and painstaking treatment of Russian history from the end of the eighteenth century through the end of the year 1916. Naturally of a special interest to us to-day are the concluding chapters, which are packed with interesting information in regard to the various Dumas, the zemstvos, the Workmen's Movement, and the conduct of the war with Germany.

Russia and Europe. By Gregor Alexinsky. Translated by Bernard Miall. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $4.50.

Mr. Alexinsky is already well known to Americans through his work entitled "Modern Russia." The present volume is a worthy successor to that interesting book. He is now especially dealing with the characteristics which distinguish Russia from the other nations of Europe. He shows how Russia has been Europeanized by contact with Europe through wars, through diplomacy, through business, through literature, and through the exchange of philosophical

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The New Books (Continued)

ideas. The book is a mine of valuable information, and in every way is a book of which its author should be proud.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

Cycle of Spring (The). By Sir Rabindranath Tagore. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.25.

Heart to Heart Appeals. By William Jennings Bryan. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.

"The cream of the public utterances of the great orator and statesman."

Reveries of a Schoolmaster. By Francis B. Pearson. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.

WAR BOOKS

Battles of the Somme (The). By Philip Gibbs. William Heinemann, London.

A graphic and carefully studied account of the first three months of the Somme campaign, beginning with the onset of July 1, last. The author is one of the best of the American newspaper correspondents and is happy in his manner of interspersing incident and anecdote in his description.

Lord Kitchener Memorial Book (The). Edited by Sir Hedley Le Bas. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.50.

This is a record in speech and picture of the events in Earl Kitchener's life which, the editor thinks, will longest endure. Some of Lord Kitchener's speeches in Parliament and reviews of the progress of the war are included, as well as tributes by the Earl of Derby, Mr. Asquith, Generals Robertson, Birdwood, Cleeve, Joffre, Cadorna, and other distinguished personalities. All profits from the book's sale will go to the Kitchener Memorial Fund. This is to provide for the disabled officers and men of the army and navy, and to found scholarships for the sons of deceased and disabled officers and men. The volume's first value is pictorial; in so far as a collection of "Punch" cartoons is concerned, it may fitly stand even alongside "Punch's Life of Queen Victoria" and "Punch's Life of Gladstone." The second value is personal. One turns quickly to the appreciation from one who knew Lord Kitchener well, namely, Sir William Robertson. He says:

> The stern, ruthless, overbearing character commonly attributed to him had little foundation in fact, as far as my knowledge of the man goes. I have served with many chiefs during my thirty-nine years of army service, and I can truthfully say that I have never been brought into contact with one who was more easy to serve.

Uncensored Diary (An). By Ernesta Drinker Bullitt. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $1.25.

We are glad that Mrs. Bullitt did not leave her diary to be kept concealed for her great-grandchildren to read. It was not written for the public, and is therefore of the greater interest to the public. She spent a part of the year 1916 in Germany, Belgium, Austria, and Hungary. She had letters to officials which gave her the advantage of inside information, but also probably subjected her to the disadvantage of seeing what she was allowed to see. It is also probable that, though her diary was not censored, it was written with a certain degree of reserve, not to say caution. She has, however, quite effectually drawn aside the curtain and given us an intimate picture of the Germany of to-day. One illustration must here suffice to indicate the value of the book—the statement of Mr. Helfferich, the Vice-Chancellor, made as far back as August, 1916, and reported to the author by Mr. Gerard: "If the United States comes into the war, the other neutral countries probably will also come in, and Helfferich refuses to answer for the state of German finances in such a case."

The Dangers of Stomach Acidity and Fermentation

By R. W. Lockwood

Eugene Christian

If I were asked to sound a health warning that would be of the greatest possible benefit to mankind, I should say emphatically—"Beware of acid stomach." For acid stomach is the cause of fermentation which, bad enough in itself, is the forerunner of a hundred ills that sap the energy and vitality of its victims. I venture to say that ninety per cent of all sickness starts with acid stomach.

Nature provides hydrochloric acid as one of the digestive fluids, but too much of this acid causes fermentation, hurries the food out of the stomach and carries the acid all through the body. As a consequence, poisons (toxins) are formed which are absorbed into the blood, causing auto-intoxication, nervousness, mental depression and countless ills of which this is but the beginning.

Every one of the vital organs in time become affected—the heart, the liver, the kidneys, the intestines, the nerves and the brain all decline, for the stomach is the Power Plant of the body. Even the teeth are affected by acid stomach, for the gums recede and pyorrhœa will be the result.

Stomach remedies only neutralize the acid because they are stronger than the acid. This ultimately ruins the lining of the stomach. The acid being neutralized is absorbed into the blood only to come back to the stomach in greater quantities at the next meal.

How much more sensible would it be to attack this disorder at its source! Instead of attempting to neutralize the acid after it has formed, why not prevent it from forming in the first place?

Superacidity is caused by wrong eating and the remedy must be found in the field of the cause—in eating correctly.

The individual sufferer from indigestion, acidity, fermentation, gas and such disorders has not carried his experiments with food very far. If he had he could easily cure himself as Eugene Christian, the famous food scientist, has proved beyond all doubt.

The reason which led Eugene Christian to take up the study of food in the first place was because he himself, as a young man, was a great sufferer from stomach and intestinal trouble.

So acute was his affliction that the best specialists of the day, after everything within their power had failed, gave him up to die. Educated for a doctor himself, Christian could get no help from his brother physicians.

Believing that wrong eating was the cause and that right eating was the only cure, he took up the study of foods and their relation to the human system. What he learned not only restored his own health in a remarkably short space of time, but has been the means of relieving some 25,000 other men and women for whom he has prescribed with almost invariable success, even though most of them went to him as a last resort.

Christian says that all stomach and intestinal disorders—with their countless sympathetic ills—are caused by wrong selections and wrong combinations of food, and that right combinations of food will positively remove every stomach and intestinal disorder by removing its causes.

No one would think of putting salt into an open wound, and yet we do worse than that when we keep putting irritating acid-creating food combinations into our stomachs already surcharged with acid.

The word diet is one which has an unpleasant sound—it makes us think of giving up all the things we like for those we have no taste for. But Eugene Christian's method is entirely different—instead of asking his patients to give up the things they enjoy, he prescribes menus which are twice as enjoyable as those to which the patient is accustomed.

Christian believes in good foods deliciously cooked—the kind all of us like best and which may be obtained at any home store, hotel or restaurant. He says that most of the things we eat are all right—but that we don't know how to combine or balance them.

Often, one food, good in itself, when combined with another equally good food, produces an acid reaction in the stomach; whereas either of the foods alone or eaten in combination with some other food would have been easily and perfectly digested.

Unfortunately, each food we eat at a meal is not digested separately. Instead, all of the foods we combine at the same meal are mixed and digested together. Consequently, if we eat two or more articles at the same meal which don't go well together, there is sure to be acidity, fermentation, gas and all kinds of digestive trouble.

At Eugene Christian's New York office there is a constant stream of men and women who go to him for treatment after having tried everything else and rarely are they disappointed in the outcome. Some of the results he has attained read like fairy tales. I know of a number of instances where his rich patrons have been so grateful for their restoration of health and energy that they have sent him checks for $500 or $1,000 in addition to the amount of the bill when paying it.

There have been so many inquiries from all parts of the United States from people seeking the benefit of Eugene Christian's advice and whose cases he is unable to handle personally that he has written a course of little lessons which tell you exactly what to eat in order to overcome the ailment which is troubling you.

These lessons, there are 24 of them, contain actual menus for breakfast, luncheon and dinner, curative as well as corrective, covering all conditions of health and sickness, including stomach acidity, constipation and all intestinal disorders from infancy to old age, and all occupations, climates and seasons. They also tell you how to reduce and how to gain.

With these lessons at hand it is just as though you were in personal contact with the great food specialist, because every possible point is so thoroughly covered and clearly explained that you can scarcely think of a question which isn't answered. You can start eating the very things that will remove the causes of your disorder the day you receive the lessons and you will find that you secure results with the first meal.

If you would like to have these 24 Little Lessons in Corrective Eating, simply write The Corrective Eating Society, Inc., Dept. 155, 450 Fourth Avenue, New York City. It is not necessary to enclose any money with your request. The lessons will be sent prepaid by return mail, and you will receive a bill for $3, the small fee asked, payable any time within five days after you receive the books.

If the more than 300 pages contained in the course yield but one single suggestion that will bring greater health, you will get many times the cost of the course back in personal benefit—yet hundreds write the Society that they find vital helpfulness on every page.

Please clip out and mail the following form instead of writing a letter, as this is a copy of the official blank adopted by the Society, and will be honored at once.

CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY, INC., Dept. 155, 450 Fourth Ave., New York City

You may send me, prepaid, a copy of Corrective Eating in 24 Lessons. I will send you $3 in full payment within five days or return the books.

Name..... Address.....

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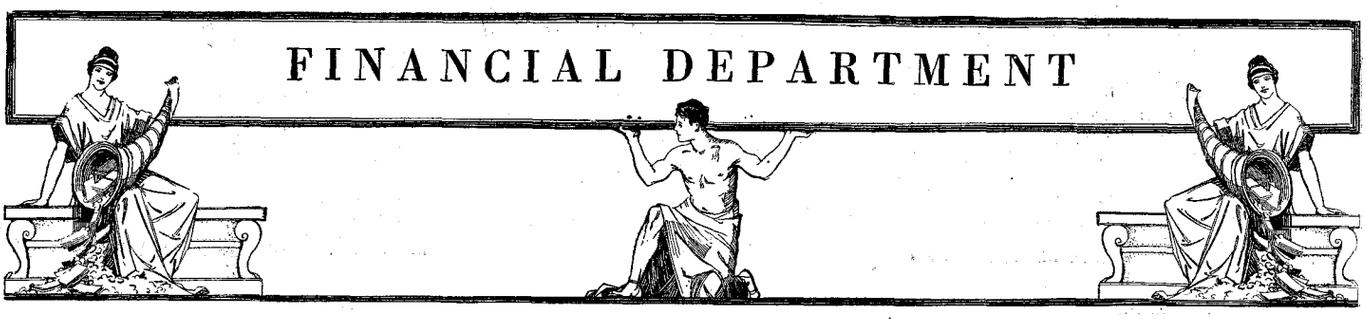

All legitimate questions from Outlook readers about investment securities will be answered either by personal letter or in these pages. The Outlook cannot, of course, undertake to guarantee against loss resulting from any specific investment. Therefore it will not *advise* the purchase of any specific security. But it will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, leaving the responsibility for final decision to the investor. And it will admit to its pages only those financial advertisements which after thorough expert scrutiny are believed to be worthy of confidence. All letters of inquiry regarding investment securities should be addressed to

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List of Foreign Government and United States Government, Municipal, Railroad, Industrial, and Public Utility Bonds, sent on request for Circular Z-59.

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WILKES-BARRE, PA. Miners Bank Building	BUFFALO, N. Y. Marine Bank Building	DETROIT, MICH. Dime Bank Building	KANSAS CITY, MO. Republic Building	SEATTLE, WASH. Hoge Building

WASHINGTON, D. C.—741 15th Street N. W. DENVER, COL.—First National Bank Building LONDON, ENG.—3 Lombard Street

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THE GOVERNMENT LOAN

THE bankers of the United States are devoting their time and thought to two important questions. First, the success of the Government loan; second, the effect of the loan on bank deposits.

The Government's plan to sell $5,000,000,000 in long-term bonds involves the largest financial transaction undertaken in the history of the world. The wealth of the country is, of course, enormously in excess of this figure, but it is for the most part already invested. It must be remembered that while there are many rich men who might be expected to subscribe liberally to the loan, those men have their wealth invested in some fixed form of capital the liquidation of which would simply use up funds which are just as available for the Government loan in the hands of their present owners as they would be if transferred through a sale of securities or fixed property. There has been a considerable tendency on the part of investors to sell bonds which they already own with the idea of entering subscriptions on patriotic grounds. Such a transfer does not in any way increase the amount of loanable funds in the country. It does not necessarily mean that there will be more money to place at the disposal of the Government. It should be the effort of bankers to convince their clients that nothing is to be gained in making a shift of investments, and that nothing constructive is thereby accomplished.

THE EFFECT ON DEPOSITS

A recent editorial in a striking discussion of this situation set forth the idea that the Government has just as much right to say that dollars should be forced into service at a rate of 3½ per cent as it had to say that a qualified citizen should serve in the army at $15 a month. The suggestion was made that this fact be kept in mind when the bankers of the country, in talking with the Treasury officials, seemed to display some concern over the question whether $5,000,000,000 could be immediately raised. While this might appear to be a reasonable deduction, the fallacy lies in the assumption that the bankers throughout the United States own—or even control—the investment funds. The money which will be paid for the Government bonds must come, if it is to come immediately, from the individual accounts of bank depositors. It is not necessary or desirable that the banks invest their funds. The business of the banker will be to see to it that his bank is in such a condition as to permit the withdrawal of deposits in payment for Government bonds. Anticipating that necessity is as much as a banker can be expected to contribute on the first offering of the proposed loan. It would be contrary to all principles of banking to invest a bank's funds in Government bonds when the depositors of that very bank were expected on the same day to draw heavily against their individual accounts.

VOLUNTEER DOLLARS

The average citizen thinks of banking in leaps and bounds. Money in banks does not belong to a specialized class of people known as bankers, but it belongs to the many citizens who make up the Nation. The dollars of the average citizen are going to volunteer generously for the proposed loan even at 3½ per cent. If they should fail in the amount required, it will not be so much the fault of investors as it will be a miscalculation in judgment on the part of those best qualified to direct our financial policy. Some bankers have expressed the opinion that it is impossible actually to conceive of a financial transaction involving so many billions. They are not to be criticised for pointing out the difficulties involved, because the situation once analyzed is in a fair way toward solution.

THE SHIFTING OF FUNDS

The greatest concern over the proposed loan lies in the danger that heavy withdrawals will be made from those very banks which induce their depositors generously to support the loan. After conference with bankers and bond dealers in all parts of the country, the Treasury Department has to a certain extent modified its plans. It has perceived the impracticability of making immediate use of five billion dollars. It is therefore proposed that a loan be brought out in installments, with an initial offering of two billion dollars. Furthermore, arrangements are being made under which those banks that are heavily drawn upon will be permitted to hold the bond payments for the Government on proper security. So that in the long run the whole business will be accomplished with very little danger to those localities which give the loan their most enthusiastic support.

The suggestion has come from one of the foremost men in the bond business that investors who subscribe should do so through their local banks. The investment houses and the bond dealers have, of course, placed their services at the disposal of the Treasury Department and have gone to a large expense in advising investors that they will be pleased to handle subscriptions without profit to themselves. But the objection to subscriptions made from a distance through financial institutions in the large cities will lie chiefly in the resultant shifting of funds. Investors will perform a better service to the country as a whole and to their own communities by placing the business with local banks.

TEMPORARY UNCERTAINTIES

The conscription of securities has already taken place in England and France under the mobilization plan. This plan was adopted because it was possible for those nations to borrow large sums of money in this country—first on moral obligations, and later on secured loans. The mobilization of securities in the hands of American investors could be of use only in case the United States Government found itself under the necessity of making external loans. But there is no foreign country to which we could go to borrow in the present state of the world's finances. It would therefore seem the part of wisdom to hold domestic securities in the face of declining markets; not only because the liquidation of investments fails to help the Government, but also because a rising market should follow the industrial activity which will result from our participation in the war. The actual fact that a stupendous financial undertaking *must be* accomplished is depressing in its effect on existing securities. The markets are reflecting a natural nervousness in the face of the uncertainty. Actual contact with the initial offering and the experience which will have been gained after the results are known will do more

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We are offering High Quality Investments of this nature, suitable for amounts of $100, $500, $1,000 or larger.

Circular No. 979-Z contains brief descriptions of a wide variety. Sent promptly, on request.

Government War Loan

We shall be glad to enter your subscription to the new Government Bonds and care for all the details without compensation.

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(ESTABLISHED 1865)

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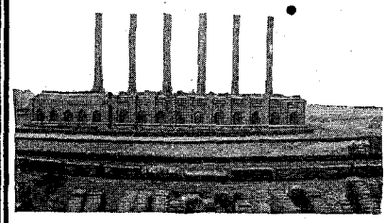

will continue to turn the wheels of industry, to connect big cities with remote towns, and to bring comfort into the domestic life of mankind.

War nor peace can seriously affect the demand for the products of these companies. Their securities have stood the test of panics.

Our 12-Page Monthly "Bond Topics" contains a selected list of these bonds yielding

5¼ to 6⅜%

Free on request for Booklet O-200

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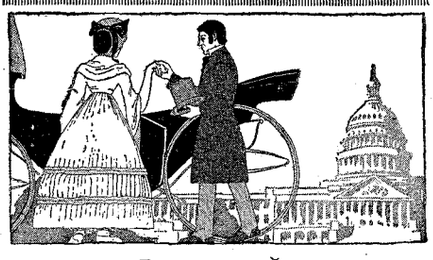

Since 1865 Investments

AT a time when U. S. Government bonds were paying 6% "payable semi-annually in gold," our service to investors was first established.

After fifty years, we hold the confidence of a wide clientele of individual investors and banking institutions. If you are seeking to invest some capital to best advantage, avail yourself of our facilities and experience. Your bank has probably dealt with us, or can advise you about us.

Our booklet "Investing $100 to $10,000" will interest prospective investors as well as those more experienced. Write to Department C, 41-43 Exchange Place, New York, or 12-14 South Calvert Street, Baltimore.

Hambleton & Company

ESTABLISHED 1865

INVESTMENT SECURITIES

BALTIMORE WASHINGTON NEW YORK

The Government Loan (Continued)

than anything else to reassure a continuance of prosperous conditions.

HOW TO SUBSCRIBE FOR THE LIBERTY LOAN

The Liberty Loan will be offered for popular subscription in denominations of $20, $50, $100, $1,000, and multiples. Subscriptions may be entered either at local banks, at the post-office, or with investment dealers. The bonds will be legal investment for all purposes and will be exempt from all forms of taxation.

It is an assured fact that a new race of bond buyers will be created by the Government's offering.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. I should greatly appreciate an expression of opinion from you as to a comparison of the first preferred stock of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, and any one of the following railway stocks. In other words, assuming the purchase price and dividend yield to be the same, would any of the railway stocks have advantages over the gas stock on account of greater distribution of risk, etc., for a business man who can keep a reasonably close watch upon the same?

	Per cent.	Present price.
Northern Pacific common	7	103
Lehigh Valley ($50 par)	10	68
Baltimore and Ohio common	5	75½
Great Northern preferred	7	113
Southern Pacific	6	93
Union Pacific	8	135

A. In the first place, the present prices and yields of the railway stocks mentioned are not the same. No comparison based on an assumption like the one suggested would be of practical value in the face of this fact.

In the case of the Pacific Gas and Electric preferred you have an investment representing to a large extent actual cash admitted to have gone into the properties. The integrity of these properties is preserved through the supervision of the Railroad Commission of California, one of the best commissions in the United States. The dividend on the preferred stock is being earned by a safe margin; in fact, there is every reason to suppose that the 6 per cent rate can easily be maintained. The common stock is now paying dividends at the rate of 5 per cent per year. The Commission has, we believe, signified its willingness to allow earnings up to 8 per cent on the present common stock capitalization, $34,035,858. The outstanding preferred amounts to $23,669,157.

Of the railway stocks which you mention, Southern Pacific common is the one selling nearest the quotation for Pacific Gas and Electric preferred. Southern Pacific has paid 6 per cent since 1908. The outstanding common stock amounts to $272,677,906. It has a more active market and has often sold above par. It is both an investment and a speculative stock. The dividend, though not earned by as large a margin of safety as that of Pacific Gas preferred in recent years, seems assured under normal conditions.

From its railway operations alone the Southern Pacific earned during the year ended June 30, 1916, 11 per cent on its common stock. This is considerably in excess of the record for previous years.

Q. I should like your advice on the investment of a thousand dollars. Of course I should like as large an income as possible, but the investment *must* be safe. A financial journal says "attractive issues for one who desires to be above fear of loss" are:

	Price.	Yield.
Duluth and Iron Range First 5s, 1937	100¾	4.96
St. Paul and Northern Pacific First 6s, 1923	109¾	5.47

What is your opinion of these? Do you consider farm mortgages such as are advertised in The Outlook a good investment, and why? And will you please tell me if the 7 per cent bonds (California Street Improvement) would be safe? The in-

Stocks & Bonds

of

RAILROAD, INDUSTRIAL AND PUBLIC UTILITY CO.'S

may be purchased through us outright for cash or on conservative margin. Complete facilities for the careful execution of all investment or brokerage business, whether in

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Your mail or telegraphic orders will receive careful individual attention.

We will suggest a list of investments which at present prices yield a liberal income. It will simplify matters if you give an approximate idea of amount you contemplate investing and whether you wish to purchase outright or otherwise.

Write for List No. 46 of "Investment Suggestions"

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66 Broadway **New York**

$100 BONDS

American Foreign Securities 5s	1919
Anglo-French 5s	1920
Canadian Government 5s	1937
City of Baltimore Reg. 4s	1951
New York Central Conv. Deb. 6s	1935
New York, New Haven & Hartford Deb. Reg. 6s	1948
Northern Pacific Prior Lien Reg. 4s	1997
Northern Pacific Gen. Lien Reg. 3s	2047
Seaboard Air Line 1st Con. 6s	1945
Southern Pacific, San Francisco Term. 1st 4s	1950

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BOND DEPARTMENT

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Milwaukee, Wisconsin

YOUR OWN JUDGMENT

Must tell you that the Dairy Farm Mortgage is at the present time the safest of all securities.

No matter what may happen, the security back of our farm mortgages will increase in value.

Write for pamphlet, "The Dairy Farm Mortgage". It is interesting — gratis.

Markham & May Company

FARM MORTGAGE INVESTMENTS
1226 First National Bank Building
MILWAUKEE, WIS.

If you are interested in Farm Mortgages write us for particulars regarding

DANFORTH FARM MORTGAGES

They have stood the test of time. Interest paid promptly when due.
No foreclosures in nearly sixty years.
You can safely invest any amount.

Ask for List No. 58

A·G·Danforth·&·Co

BANKERS — Founded A.D. 1858
WASHINGTON — ILLINOIS

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All orders for subscriptions should be sent direct to this office or through some reliable subscription agency, whose representatives should always present proper credentials.

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY.

Questions and Answers (Continued)

come is so attractive on these that it would seem they would be immediately taken up unless there is something undesirable about them. What I am looking for is a safe and permanent investment.

A. The Duluth and Iron Range First 5s, 1937, and the St. Paul and Northern Pacific First 6s, 1923, are both very highly regarded, and with good reason. Both are underlying liens on properties of railway systems earning very largely in excess of all bond interest requirements.

In all cases where financial advertisers are using space in The Outlook we have made investigations which have convinced us of the character and reliability of the firms in question. It is impossible for us, of course, to vouch for the integrity of every loan offered by these concerns. The important consideration is, however, that the people themselves should be reliable people. The farm mortgage bankers, for instance, who are advertising in The Outlook are thoroughly substantial and established houses, which are lending money at a conservative rate on less than fifty per cent valuations.

With reference to your inquiry on California Street Improvement Bonds, after you have obtained and read the circular describing these bonds and the method of their issuance you will have realized that the safety of any particular street improvement bond depends entirely on the value of the property on which it is a lien.

Every street improvement bond issued under the California statute is made a lien prior to the lien of any existing or future mortgage. It attaches to the piece of property improved, regardless of title. If the property is worth something in excess of the improvement lien, but less than the amount of an outstanding mortgage, the improvement lien, if it is in default, must be taken care of first in event of foreclosure.

If an improvement is unwarranted, and if it is made for the purpose of opening up speculative property, it follows that the improvement bond will be a speculative investment.

Free Booklets for Investors

Many of the investment bankers publish booklets and literature for the information of prospective investors. The following is a list of booklets which may be obtained by writing to the investment houses issuing them, mentioning The Outlook, or by writing direct to the Financial Editor of The Outlook:

"Bond Topics" and Booklet O-200. A. H. Bickmore & Co., 111 Broadway, New York City.

Farm Mortgages—List No. 58. A. G. Danforth & Co., Washington, Ill.

Public Utility and Municipal Bonds—Book "D." Bond Department, First National Bank, Milwaukee, Wis.

Partial Payment Plan—Descriptive Booklet. C. I. Hudson & Co., 66 Broadway, New York City.

Booklet "Investing $100 to $10,000." Hambleton & Co., Dept. C, 41–43 Exchange Place, New York City, or 12–14 South Calvert Street, Baltimore, Md.

Profit-Sharing Timber Bonds—Booklet T-214. James D. Lacey Timber Company, 332 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Booklet "The Dairy Farm Mortgage." Markham & May Company, 1227 First National Bank Building, Milwaukee, Wis.

Guaranteed First Mortgages—Booklet O. The Mortgage Guarantee Company, Los Angeles, Cal.

Booklet "$100 Bonds." John Muir & Co., 61 Broadway, New York.

General Bond List—Circular Z-59. The National City Company, National City Bank Building, New York City.

Farm Land Bonds—Circular No. 979-Z. Peabody, Houghteling & Co., 10 South La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

"Investment Suggestions"—List No. 46. Sheldon-Morgan & Co., 42 Broadway, New York City.

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1000 WOODEN SHIPS

requiring more than

1,000,000,000 Feet OF LUMBER

—and this is but a tithe of the extra demand for lumber which is pressing NOW. Add to this the normal demand and the enormous extra demand which will come with the close of the war and you can see that the lumber industry is in a position more favorable than for many years.

LACEY

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(1st Mortgage) are based on growing timber. The name of Lacey has been standard in the timber field for many years. Timber values are constantly rising and now will rise faster than ever. Lacey Bonds will carry large profits.

Experienced investors wisely see in the present world-situation reasons for conserving their principal by SAFE as well as profitable investments. Lacey Profit-Sharing Bonds (1st Mortgage) are ideal for this purpose on account of their profit feature in addition to 6% and absolute safety. Convenient denominations of

$100, $500, $1000

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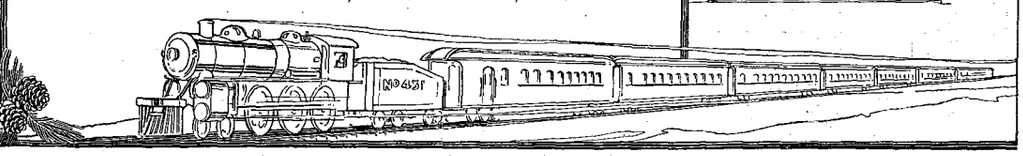
We shall be glad to assist teachers who are planning to attend the National Education Association Convention at Portland, Oregon, with their itineraries and will make suggestions for stop-overs, hotels, etc. There is no charge to Outlook readers for this service. All letters of inquiry should be sent to

THE TRAVEL AND RECREATION BUREAU
THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, 381 FOURTH AVE., N. Y.



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Healthful climate. Wholesome food. Rest and recreation. $20–$25 per week.
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In heart of Maine woods on beautiful lake. HENRY B. MCKENNEY, Jackman Station, Me.

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THE BEECHES' SANITARIUM
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